1821.

# THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

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### THE UNFORGOTTEN DEAD.

BY EMMA SANBORN.

dead are set forgotten; there are hearts there Memory keeps her vigil, lone and sad, ence all that made life beautiful has perished, ad hope tuelf has fied.

The shadows of the grave stretch darkly over, And cloud the sunshine that was once so bright; No morning beam of light can they discover: "Tis dark and cheeriess night.

know a mother whose fair child of promis Is numbered now among the "early dead the mourne like Bachel, fur her children wo "Will not be comforted."

I had a friend, whose pure and gentle spirit Found no communion in this world of ours; The angels took her to their home in glory, 'Mid Heaven's immortal Sowers.

Do I forget her? all her worth? her heanty? Her emits, that seemed a gimpse of Heaven's own? Ab, never! Life steelf must fail me Ere I that fath disows.

### THE EBONY CASKET

### The Raymond Inheritance.

BY BETT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON METATE;"
"A BLACK SHEEP IN THE POLD;" "BAP-FLED;" "THE WHITE SPECTRE;"
"THE WRONGED HERROW;"
HTG, ETC., ETC.

liberty, and restore me to my friends?

Friends? Ah, what friend had she to go
to, after all, unless it were Jasper Layton?
And he was little better than a stranger.
No matter. Liberty was boon enough.

No matter. Laberty was book enough. It would be worth a struggle to get clear of Captain Marthe's hated clutches.

She set to work at once at the bars, carefully removing all litter, which she hid under the bed as fast as it accumulated.

She worked so diligently that, ere nightfall, two of the bars were in a condition to be removed at a moment's notice.

be removed at a moment's notice.

Once only, did she pause in her task, and then it was to take a small ebony casket, thin but quite broad, from the bosom of her dress. This she regarded with an awe verging upon veneration.

dress. This she regarded with an awe verging upon veneration.
"This casket is a thing of mystery," she
whispered, passing her hand over it in a
caressing gesture. "Is my destiny hidden
between its black covers, I wonder? Does
it hold the key to my future fortunes? No
matter. I shall gourd it as a sacred trust,
whatever may be its contents."
She full into a sort of day-dream over it,
in which she seemed to see Meg and Captain
Marthe with their heads together, conniving
to murder her to gain possession of the
casket.



HER EYES PELL LOW BEFORE THE PASSIONATE PERVOR OF TIL GLANCE THAT SQUORT HER OWN, AND HER HEAD DROOPED.

like a pall, and shut in all the view until presently, a few stars peeped out of the purple depth of heaven.

At last she heard voices in a distant part of the house. She listened intently for a few minutes. The one voice, she knew, was Bill's.

"Did Meg lie to me," she thought; "or has her son returned unexpectedly?"

She soon became conscious of a growing drowsiness, a deathly lethargy that was stealing away her senses. She tried to shake it off. In vaiu, all in vain. Then the horrible truth broke upon her mind with sudden, bewildering force.

She fell into a sort

which she seemed to see keep
larthe with their heads together, connio murder her to gain possession of the
saket.

Finally she roused herself, and resumed
her self-appointed task.

It was nearly dark when Meg again made
her appearance. This time she brought up
some supper to the captive—bread and cake
and a steaming pot of tea.

Bernice was tired, and her head ached
sadly. The aroma of the tea filled her nostrils. Oh, what a relief it would be to test
its revivifying powers!

She ran up and down the room, wringing
the range and beauing her breast furiously,
in a desporate attempt to shake off the fatal
lethargy that was slovely but surely benumbare coffee from a vague susthe range and down the room, wringing
in a desporate attempt to shake off the fatal
lethargy that was slovely but surely benumbher faculties. She was like a mad woman for some terrible moments. She would
have screamed aloud, but that her cries would
have screamed aloud, but that her cries would
have screamed aloud, but that her cries would picion of drugs. Could she venture to drink it freely to-night, when she stood in such need of the stimulant?

The old woman must have seen her wishful look. At any rate she quickly drew up two chairs to the stand.

"My son is away to-night," she said, keeping her face aversed. "I have come up to sup with you, for once."

Bernice now observed that there were really two cups on the tray, and as many

CHAPTER VII.

THE DAW OF A GREAT PERIL.

It was Mey who entered. She glanned quickly round the room, approached the window and looked out, and then turned to window and looked out, and then turned t

ing into a shrill laugh. "You little fool, what do you mean?"
"That tea was drugged?"
"No," half-contemptuously. "It was not, I'll swear. The idea! Why should I do anything so ridiculous? It isn't necessary. You are sufficiently in my power without the use of drugs."
Then she bobbed a terrible courtesy, and went out with that wicked amile still upon her lips.
Bernice sat down by the window, where she could watch the shadows deepen and darken along the river. They fell slowly, like a pall, and shut in all the view until presently, a few stars peeped out of the purpose.

over her.
"My God?" he cried, and staggered back, after a long, fixed stare into her colorless

face.
His own countenance was strangely con-His own countenance was strangely controted. He dropped weakly into a chair, great beads of perspiration coming out upon his forehead. He seemed to be choked, stunned by some sudden discovery.

"That face—that hair?" he muitered, huskily, after a long silence. "I cannot be mistaken. O, Father in heaven, didst thou send her here on purpose that we might meet?"

meet?"

He dropped on his knees, sobbing and moaning, for some minutes, with all the abandon of a child.

When he rose up again his face was full of energy and a deathless determination.
"I must save the poor girl," he muttered, hopewals.

rgy and a deathless determination. st mave the poor girl," he muttered, ly. "I will save her, or die in the hoarsely. "I will save her, or die in the attempt. Then, then, perchance, my sins will be atoned for and forgiven."
He walked swiftly to the window. The iron bars were still in their places, but with one quick wrench he had torn two of them

one quick wrench he had torn two of them away.

Pushing up the sash, he looked out. All was dark and still without. Below, sighed and moaned the river, sphashing sullenly against the shore, and the stone foundation of the house. There was no other sound. He drew back, swiftly calsulating the chances. Could be take Bernice into his arms and leap into the gloomy flood beneath? Suddenly, while he hesitated, shuffling steps came up the stairs and across the hall. It was too late? With the quickness of thought, he snatched up one of the iron rods in the rose-tinted palm. "The idiot?" she mutters, angrily. "What has brought him here? I told him not to ome nigh me again."

At this instant the door opens, and Capton. There was an odd, inscrutable expression upon his face as he crossed the threshold. A smile, half-eneering, half triumphant curled his lips; but his bronze-colored eyes the subscription of the interval of the same in the rose-tinted palm. "The idiot?" she mutters, angrily. "What has brought him here? I told him not to ome nigh me again."

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search has been carefully kept up by Jasper Layton and Mr. Lawalle. But, finding no clue when the neighbor-ing country has been thoroughly scoured, they are almost led to believe the missing

they are almost led to believe the missing girl has been conveyed to a distance—per-haps hidden in some large city.

Tors Raymond watches the result of the quest most anxiously. But she breathes more freely as the days pass, and the men return each night, disappointed and tired.

"They will have their trouble for their pains," she mutters. "Bernice is not des-tined to see their cashes are for recovery.

ned to cross their paths again for many a

tined to cross their paths again for many a long day to come."

She feels a savage joy at the thought. Her hatred of the innocent girl is wonderful for its intensity. She hates her for her beauty, for her innocence, for her sweet, guileless nature; above all she hates her for standing in her way, and winning so firm a hold upon hearts she would fain have pay their homage to herself alone.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, Dora sits alone in the hands-mely furnished drawing-room of Leasile's house, when a servant brings up a card to her.

Taking it from the silver salver, she reads the name "Captain Louis Marthe." Un-

the name "Captain Louis Marthe." Un-derneath has been hastily written in pencil the words: "I must see you. Don't deny

yourself to me."

Dora knita her pretty brow in a frown, but, conscious that the servant's eyes are upon her she says readily enough:
"Show the gentleman up."
"Yes, Miss."

"Yes, Miss."
When the servant is gone she clenches her jeweled hands until the pink nails leave unsightly sears in the rose-tinted palm.
"The idiot?" she mutters, angrily. "What has brought him here? I told him not to come nigh me again."
At this instant the door opens, and Captain Marthe is ushered into the drawing-room.

"I scarcely know myself what they sus-pect."

"They do not guess the hand you have held in the game that is going on?"

"Hush!" she whispered, with an anxious glance toward the door. "No, they believe me to be innocent as a babe unborn."

"But they have found the letter."
"What letter?" "The one you wrote to Bernice—it is signed with Patty Glint's name."

"I—I—do not unuse."

"The devil!"

He dropped his head on his breast, a yellow pallor apreading over his face. For some minutes not another word was spoken. Captain Marthe seemed to be turning over this little bit of new that he might view it in every possible light.

"I knew the cursed dogs must have found a clue of some sort," he muttered. "But luckily, the letter only told them that Bernice was going to keep an appointment at Millbrook Crossing."

"That is all."

"That is all."

"I—I—do not unuse.

"I have scarcely drawn a free breath for the past two days," he went on, doggedly. "Those meddlesome fools have passed the house in which Bernice is shut up, more than once. They might see her." For a recoiled at the words, with a startled cry. Her face grew ghastly.

"I'm glad you appreciate the situation." Captain Marthe resumed, grimly. "I think you realize, as well as I do, all there is at stake. If Bernice is discovered, one other perwon, whom we both know well, will be found and liberated at the same time. Then a long farewell to your most cherished dreams of wealth and prosperity."

"Great heavens!"

lence of the emotion that possessed her. She could see herself standing upon the verge of an awful precipice, beneath which lay utter ruin and despair.

"They must not find her—and him." he gasped. "Prevent it—oh, prevent it, at any cost."

"You must help me, if I am to do that."
"How?" she cried, feverishly. "Only tell me the way."

"I have told you of the danger that threatens," he answered. "Your woman's wit must find a means to shun it. Above all, look to it that the police are not called in to investigate the case. If they should be, I will not answer for the consequences."

"How am I to prevent it?" she demanded, helplessly.

"Has your subtle tongue no power with Jasper Layton—none with Lasalle?" he said, in a sarcastic tone. "Have you forgotten all your old wiles, your old enchantments? There are Marc Antonys still, ready to fling worlds away for a woman's smile."

smile."

He paused and looked at her steadfastly. A faint, peach-like bloom showed itself through the palor of her face.

"I think—I understand you," she faltered.

"I'm glad that you do. Then no more is needed. I will take my leave."

is needed. I will take my leave."

He arose, pressed her hand lightly, and with a half-mocking bow, was gone.

Gone, to lay that vile plot with Bill, and the woman, Meg, that had stolen away poor Bernico's senses at a moment so critical.

Dora heard his footsteps die away, the half door close sharply, and then all was still again.

again.
"Am I to be balked, baffled, ruined now?"
she murmured. "Never! I have risked
too much, and the stakes are too high to be

given up without a desperate struggles"

Angrily she dashed a few hot tears from
her eyes, and then went hurriedly up to her
own room, where she presed and studled fare
and figure for more than an hour before the

glass.
"While I keep my good looks, I can twist any man living around my finger," she said, turning away, at last, with a self-satis-fied smile.

fied smile. At this instant steady hoof-beats sounded

At this instant steady hoof-beats counded in the distance, the sound drifting through the open window quite audibly, coming from the avenue that led up to the house.

"It is Jasper," and Dora, looking out. She ran down stairs, and was gliding up and down the long verandah, looking coof, restful, and dangerously pretty when Jasper Layton, having flung his bridle to a groom in waiting, ascended the steps.

She gave a slight start, at sight of him, as if the meeting was quite unexpected, and a soft, seashell flush mantied check and brow.

"I'm glad you have come back," she said, sweetly.

"Humph. I thought you were given to anything by which you could better yourself."

His one hope lay in speedy action, and he knew it. The instant the door was opened, the new-comers must see the debris of plaster and broken lath upon the floor, and would sows what had happened.

Nowly the hinges creaked; softly the door swung open. A head was thrust into the room—a brutish head covered with a shock of tawny bair—the head of the man called Bill.

The stranger's arm was lifted in air. It fell is uddealy, and the iron cracked with a stunning force upon the intruder's skull.

A half-suppressed cry—a groan, and Bill fell like a log upon the floor.

Lifting his bludgeon a second time in the air, the stranger sprang forward to grapple with wheever should follow the first villain into the apartment.

CHAPTER VIII.

DOBA'S TRICAPH.

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DOBA'S TRIC

He smiled at her naive innocence, as it

seemed to him, and sate gently:
"Who could help loving you, Dora? It is not in man's nature to resist a being so infinitely charming."

Her eyes fell low before the passionate fervor of the glance that sought her own, and her head drooped until it rested upon

"Love" she echoed, half-incredulously, "They are welcome to so much information. But we must take care they do not dive an inch further below the surface. If they do, all is lost."

"How are we to prevent it?"

"You, on your side, must put a stop to the search that is going on."

He spoke in a stern, decided tone that made bora start perceptibly.

"I have scarcely drawn a free breath for the next two days." he went on decredity.

But did no vision of the innocent girl whose fair high-bred face had dayned usen.

reath for doggedly saved the him in all the gloom of the busy mill like a new revelation, come to rouse him from the siren's fatal spell?

Also, no! For a few mad moments, Bernice was wholly forgotten. He forgot even her possible peril, the singular manner of her disappearance, the uncertainty of her

fate, everything, everybody save the beau-tiful Circe by his side.

"Speak to me," he cried, passionately, drawing her close to his heart. "Look up and tell me that you are mine, as I am

dreams of wealth and prosperity."
"Great heavens!"
"O, Jasper! As if it needed words to searcely sit in her chair, such was the vioIt was enough. Closer and closer he

strained her to his heart, dropping kimes upon burning cheek and brow. "My life—my peerios darling." he mur-

"My life—my peerloss darling." he murmured.

They still sat side by side when the dark fell and the purple builtight shut them in she found it very difficult to constal, the was glad of the friendly shadows that had her glithering eyes, and glowing fore.

"A hold move, but I have see," the thought, is force existence. "Thindeling loss the move, but I have see, "we thought in force existence." Thindeling just the thing to be recurring the second round for another handes damed, see that had he is pledged to the.

"Now ter my worthy Lamile. I much balk-his movement more ofter way, of count; though the dresses than should be quite as effectual. I know he destemplates calling in the said of the police. That must not be done at any hazard—CaptainMarthe's

quite as effectual. I know he demonstrate calling in the said of the police. That must not be done at any hazard—CaptainMarthe's warning is worth heeding."

Jasper's thoughts were very different when he finally tore himself away from the temptress' side. He felt a strange sinking at the heart, a sense of loss and pain. He had not meant to declare himself. He was not even sure that he loved Pora. But he had yielded himself up to the madness of the moment.

"I know the is good and true," he said to himself, while keeping a late and lonely rigil in his own apartment, that night, "my old doubts were a foul wrong to her and I flung them to the winds long ago. I pray heaven that no cloud may ever come between us that we may live on, each other till the end." loving and trustin

(To be continued in our nest.)

### SIBYL'S LESSON.

BY LENA PAUL

Do make it up, Sibyl, will you not?" "Do make it up, Sibyl, will you not?"
Philip Dalton said this in such an earnest, pleading manner, and with such a little tremour in his voice, that it ought to have touched Sibyl Westwood's heart; but she was angry now, and gave no head to any show of emotion on his part.

She tossed her head a little defiantly as she said, "I shall do no such thing! You have chosen to become displeased with me upon a trifling matter."

cruel words, and it was in a trenulous voice that he said, "Good-bye, then, Sibyl; I never meant to offend you—nerver intended any wrong towards you. I loved you too well to do anything that was not for your own good. Forgive me, and always think well of me as a friend, if as nothing more." He caught her hand, wrung it hastily, and before Sibyl was aware of it, was gone from her side. She gazed after him as he harried down the road, thinking that he would return; but he walked on, never once looking back, and Sibyl realized thun what she had done.

She felt as if all the happiness were gone

She felt as if all the happiness were gone from her tife, and in despair she cried out, "Oh, Philip Philip! Come back?" Hat he did not hear her; he was out of sight now; and wringing her hands, and sobbing violently, Siby! hassered from the little purch, and went up to her room with a sad and heavy heart.

a sad and heavy heart.

"I will see him to morrow," she said to herself, "and ask him to forgive me."

Ah! if she only know how many long and weary years were to clapse before she would ever see him again!

They were not very pleasant thoughts which occupied Philip Dalton's mind on that bright June afternoon, after he had left Silvi. He walked on, scarcely caring whither he went, a fierce conflict taking place in his noble heart. He loved Silvi Westwood, and she had promised to become whither he went, a fierce conflict taking place in his noble heart. He loved Silvy Westerood, and she had promised to become his own little wife, to make tife bright and happy for him; but now that dream was over; they had quarrelied, and she had refused to become reconciled to him. He thought it all over now, had, in spite of every cmotion, caludy laid his plans for the future. It was a hard struggle, indeed, that he fought that peaceful aformson, when all looked so bright and beautiful, and everything and everybady seemed at rest but himself.

I cannot describe, dear reader, what his feelings were when, the next day, he left his naghtiy, and I rose from the table in any native village, where he had once been so things where he had once been so things where he had once been so things where he had once been so that is a I was expecting company—no again, no can I tell you, either, with what

so happy but one short week behire--yes, parted, and perhaps for ever!

Five years passed away, and, in all that time, our Silvel, Silvel Westwood still, had not seen or met Philip Daiton, although toany rumors had reached her, now and then, of his great fame as an author. Her his had been very dreary since he left—so very weary and hereigen to her having to very weary and hopeless to her, having to bear, day after day, the same heavy load of led sorrow and reproach for casting the great affection that might have

To night, as she sat by the open window, To night, as she sail by the open window, with her head leaning wearily upon her hands, she thought of the past —thought of the time when she was so happy—when heart; then she thought of the last time they met, and of the cruel words she uttered; what would she not have given to recall thom? Oh, how bitterly she had regretted them—how much she had suffered all those wary, weary years, with no syapathy from others, and no hope of ever seeing Philip Bulton!

Oversome by her emotions, she covered her face with the hands, and burst into tears. "Oh, Philip, Philip," she said aloud, "where are you to night! Oh, if I could but see you—could but tell you how truly sorry! I am."

Somebady was standing beside her; a hand was laid gently upon her, "My darling," he said, tremulous with emotion, "I could stay away from you no longer; do you love me still. Shyl?"
She did not answer, and he held her a little from him, excertly scanning her face, as if to read there an answer to his question; then, as if satisfied with his rapid survey of that pale, hear-wet face, he folded her to his booms.

"Kis me, and make it up, Shyl, will you sorbed in Tom. Comaing out, we were just the first and make it up, Shyl, will you sorbed in Tom. Comaing out, we were just the middle of the cruel words and direction, whereupon! I instantly bocame absorbed in Tom. Comaing out, we were just the middle of the cruel words and direction, whereupon! I instantly became absorbed in Tom. Comaing out, we were just the middle of the cruel words and the could not make the post that it is not a present the more than the post that it is not present the more than the post that it is not a present the more than the post that it is not a present the more than the post that it is not a present the more than the post that it is not a present the more than the post that it is not a present the more than the post that it is not a present the more than the post that the po with her head leaning wearily upon her hands, she thought of the past thought of

COMING PLEASURES.

ME COUSIN MARRY. BENIE VARION.

My cousin, Harry Vining, had said, the evening before "Little cos, I'm coming to take you for a drive to-morrow, if the weather is fine," and the weather being fine, we went.

He was only my second cousin; but we had always made a great deal of the relationship, and he sessued more like a brother than so distant a connection. But on that day he told me how he loved me, and how I could only make his life happy, and would could only make his life happy, and would be his wife?

I be his wife?

At first I could not believe him; yet surely he could not be in sport; and I, as usual began to cry. Then, when he tried to squeeas my hand, I drew it away, and sat, after I had recovered from my first outburst, looking red, and tearful, and abashed. I felt as though Coussin Harry, whom I loved very much, but not in that way, had really done something very impolitic and unkind.

To tell the truth, it was my first offer and to accept it would have been the height of absordity. When he looked at me so se-riously, and said, "Annie, I know you like me, but do you love me?" I only burst out crying again, said, "Let's go home," and continued to be very lachrymose all the rest of the way.

was angry tow, and gave to hesed to any show of emotion on his part.

She toused her head a little defiantly as she said, "I shall do no such thing? You have chosen to become displeased with me upon a trifling matter—"

"But Siby!—" Philip Palton ventured to say.

She interrupted him coldly.

"I have heard enough, sir; there can be nothing more between us; hereafter our paths in life are different."

"Sibyl, do you really mean this? Are you fully waver of what you are saying?"

"I believe I am, sir; I was never more sane than I am at this moment."

A look of intense pain crossed Philip Palton's handsome face as she spoke these cruel words, and it was no termilous voice that he said, "Good-bye, then, Siby!; I never mean to offend you—never intended any wrong towards you. I loved you too well to do anything that was not for your own good. Forgive me, and always think well of me as a friend, if as nothing more."

He caught her hand, wrung it hastily, and before Sibrit was aware of it, was gone from the caught her hand, wrung it hastily, and before Sibrit was aware of it, was gone from the caught her hand, wrung it hastily, and before Sibrit was aware of it, was gone from the caught her hand, wrung it hastily, and before Sibrit was aware of it, was gone from the caught her hand, wrung it hastily, and before Sibrit was aware of it, was gone from the caught her hand, wrung it hastily, and before Sibrit was aware of it, was gone from the continued to be very lachrymose all the result continued to be very lachrymose all the result continued to the way. When we yet home, I ran into the bouse, of the way.

When we go thome, I ran into the bouse of the way.

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When w

of the parter where manning sat with her work.

"It seems to me that your ride was un-usually short," she said, as I entered.

"Oh, it was cold, and windy, and forlorn, and I wanted to get home."

No reply, but a look of some surprise.

such an excuse from me was unheard of After a pause, she asked, "Why didn't Harry come in?" "Why, I thought be was behind me, and when I turned at the door he was driv-

and when I turned at the door he was driv-ing off."

Another questioning look. Evidently mamma saw that something was wrong and was puzzled at what it could be. So I said, "I think I'd go and play a little," glad of any protext for getting out of range of her sharp eyes.

But I was too much perturbed to play and soon closed the piano, and then went up to my room, and then down again to the sit-ting-room; and I wandered about, until I heard my father's step, and sprang to meet him.

At dinner, he and mamma behaved in the

My vexation seemed to amuse them

again, sorrow Sibyl received this information. So Mr. Thomas Dickerson - 1 specially a sorrow sibyl received this information. So my sweetest smiles and my most enchanting manner for his benefit.

manner for his benefit.

"He's almost as nice as Cousin Harry, and he's so very rich."

The last reflection bringing with it the picture of an elegant man-son, and carriages and horses, and splendid dresses, and rich jewelry, so clated ms, that I prepared to be seemable brilling.

to be especially brilliant. But Mr. Thomas Dickerson, junior, spite But Mr. Thomas Dickerson, junior, spite of being tailorized and barberized to the last digree, was undeniably commonplace in appearance, and not less so in conversation. His remarks had never seemed so trite and vapid. I was positively ashamed of him; and when he asked me to go to the theatre

as if to read there an answer to his question; then, as if satisfied with his rapid survey of that pule, tear-wet face, he folded her to his bosom.

"Kiss me, and make it up, Sibyl, will you not?" he asked, once more, and Sibyl book-a listle in not not he handsome face above her, and sullting through her tears, did not refuse blue.

She had learned a leason—one which she was never to forget in all the coming years of her life.

We had received invitations to a party for the next evening. I would not have

stayed at home for worlds, though I had nearly cried my eyes out, and had a violent headache in consequence.

On much accessions, Harry had always been my eyest; but, of course, he would take some use eler wer, and Trom had asked me. I had always two worses, the would take now to be the second I band he of you does not have the transfer of the large type of the state of the s

they knew.

At last, one day, Tom Dickerson asked me, in a stupid, blundering sort of a way, if I would be his wife; whereupon I informed him, in a manner sufficiently positive, that i most assurally would not. His surprise was immense, and he seemed to think I miss have made a missake; wanted to know if I really meant it; and said that I should have everything I wanted. But the more he insisted, the more emphatic I became; and he at length took loave, saying that if I should change my mind I must let him know.

I should change my mind I must let him know.

As soon as he was gone, I told mamma all about it; and then she drew from me the story, told with many tears, of Harry's declaration, and how I had spurned it, and how miserable I had been ever since; and now he was engaged to somebody else, and I should never marry anybody. After solbing a little with my head in her lap, I felt a great deal botter, and that it would not be so hard to be an old maid after all. My only regret was that, old as I might consider me so for ten years yet; and yet, during all that time, I should be obliged to go into society.

As soon as he was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she was not good to papa or to use. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good; she did not good in the papa. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not good in the papa. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not

I was sitting alone in the parlor. Suddenly I was sitting atone in the parlor. Suddenly some one pronounced my name, and looking up, I saw Cousin Harry, who, when I sprang up in dismay, caught me in his arms.

But I shail not tell any more, save that when papa and mamma came in, they found a sitting trees well as a street or the same of the same of

us sitting very cosily on the soft, where Harry held me fast, though I tried hard to

Harry held me fast, though I tried hard to assume a more dignified position at a distance when I heard them coming.

There were a great many explanations to be made; and it finally appeared that I had been the victim of a conspiracy.

Paps and mamma had suspected something all the time, but had known nothing certainly until my confession. Paps had immediately seen Harry, and had brought beat this meeting.

immediately seen Harry, and had brought about this meeting.

As for the latter, his attentions to Miss Knapp were intended solely to bring me to my senses, if I had any, as she was soon to be married to a gentleman who was then

We were married, after a very short en-We were married, after a very short engagement; and, though my short married life has had some clouds, they have resulted, generally, from my own pettishness, and they are becoming more rare. But of this I am sure, that I never was so happy be-

### TROUBLE.

It is strange how differently a deep trouble shall affect different persons. One cries aloud for sympathy, with outstretched hands of anguish. Another clasps the hands tightly over the poisoned arrow, to conceal it from all eyes, and silently dies of the pain. Another affects jaility, and rushes wildly from one excitement to another, koping for nothing, caring for nothing, caring for nothing, care never to be left one moment alone with the misery. Which of all these is the greatest sufferer, he and his own soul knoweth. To fly is not always to shus. He who, placing a chair for Misery, accepts him as an inevitable guest, and goes on with his ordinary employments all the same as if he were not there, stands the surest chance to be rid of him or grow indifferent to his unwelcome presence. To all, however, it is not given to do this; but at least even for these there conseth un end to all things.

## EAST LYNNE;

THE ELOPEMENT. The book of the state of the st

mean mamma that was."

"Ay, ere long."

"But hew shall I know her? You see, I have nearly forgotten what she was like."

She leaned over him, laying her forehead upon his wasted arm, and burst into a flood of impassioned tears. "You will know her, never fear, William; she has not forgotten..."

and speaking with besitation—"she was not quite good; she was not good to pape or to us. Sometimes I think, suppose she did not grow good, and did not ask God to forgive her?"

"Oh, William?" sobbed the unhappy lady, "her whole life, after she left you, was one long seene of repentance, of seeking forgiveness. Her repentance, her sorrow, was greater than she could bear, and "——

"And what?" asked William, for there was a pause.

into society.

A few days after this, mamma and papa with energy. "Madame Vine, you could went out one afternoon to make a call, and only know that by mamma's telling you!

abroad?'
Lady Isabel's thoughts were far away—

Lady Isabel's thoughts were far away—
up in the clouds, perhaps. She reflected
not on the possible consequences of her
answer, or she had never given it.

"Yes, I knew her abroad."

"Oh!" said the boy. "Why did you
never tell us? What did she say? What
was she like?"

"She said"—sobbing wildly—"that she

"see said"—sobbing wildly—"that she was parted from her children here; but she should meet them in heaven, and be with them forever. William, darling! all the awful pain, and sadness, and guilt of this world will be washed out, and God will "What was her face like?" he questioned,

\*\* Like yours. Very much like Lucy's."

"What was her sace take to the Lucy's."

"Like yours. Very much like Lucy's."

"Was she pretty!"

A momentary pause. "Yes."

"Oh, dear! I am ill. Hold me!" cried out William, as his head sank to one side, hand great drops, as large as peas, broke forth upon his chammy face. It appeared to be one of the temporary faint attacks that had overpowered him at times lately, and Lady lashel rang the bell hastily.

Wilson came in, in answer. Joyce was the usual attendant upon the sick-room; but Mrs. Carlyle, with her infant, was passing the day at the Grove, unconscious of the critical state of William, and she had taken Joyce with her. It was the day following the trial. Mr. Justice Hare had been brought to West Lynne in his second attack, and Barbara had gone to see him, to console her mothers, and to welcome Richard to his home again. If one earriage drove, that day, to the Grove, with cards and inquiries, fifty did, not to speak of the foot callers. "It is all meant by way of attention to yos, Richard," said gentle Mrs. Hare, amiling through her loving tears at her restored son. Lary and Archie were dining at Miss Carlyle's, and Sarah attended little Arthur, lawing Wilson free. She same in, in answer to Madame Vine's ring.

"I be off in ampthe faint?" unrevenoniquely cried she, hastening to the bed.

"I think so. Help to raise him."

William did not faint. No; the attack was quite different from those he was subject to. Instead of losing consciousness and

"Don't let me fall! t let me fall?"

"Don't let me fall! me't let me fall!"
he gasped.

"My dear, you cannot fall," asseponded
Madane Viec. Two forget that you see on the ball."

The classed them you and transled still, as from fam. "Doe't let me fall! deil't let ten fall! deil't let ten fall! deil't let ten fall!" The homemat busiers of his cry.

The forexyon reased. They wheel his how, and stood texting as him: Wilson with a persud-ap mouth, and a possible responding on face. She put a spensful of accountive felly bettern his lim, and he exclude him give him arisely. Training his face to the fellow, in a few moments he was in a done.

"What could it have been?" exclaimed Lady Isabel, in an under tone, to Wilson.

"I know," was the oracular answer. "I saw this same sort of attack once before, madame."

"And what caused it?"

madame."

"And what caused it?"

"Twam't in a child, though," went on Wilson—"twas in a grown up person. But that's nothing; it comes for the same thing in all. I think he was taken for death."

"Who?" uttered Lady Isabel, startled.

thing in all. I think he was taken for death."

"Who?" uttered Lady Isabel, startled.

Wilson made no reply in words, but she pointed with her finger to the bed.

"Oh, Wilson! he is not so ill as that. Mr. Wainwright said this morning that he might last a week or two."

Wilson composedly sat herself down in the easiest chair. She was not wont to put therself out of the way for the governess; and that governess was too much afraid of her, in one sense, to let her know her place. "As to Wainwright, he's nobody," quoth she. "And if he saw the child's breath going out before his face, and knew that the next moment would be his last, he'd vow to us all that he was good for twelve hours to come. You don't know Wainwright as I do, madane. He was our doctor at mother's; and he has attended in all the places I have lived in since I went out to service. Five years I was head nurse at Squire Pinner's; going on for four, I was lady's maid at Mrs. Hare's. I came here when Miss Lucy was a baby; and in all my places has he attended, like one's shadow. My Lady Isabel thought great guns of old Wainwright, I remember. It was more than I did."

My Lady Isabel made no response to this. She took a seat and watched William through her glasses. Her breathing was more labored than usual.

"That idio', Sarah, says to me to-day, says she, 'Which of his two grandpapas will they bury him by, old Mr. Carlyle or Lord Mount Severn?" Don't be a calf' I answered her. "Dye think they'll stick him out in the corner with my lord?—he'll be put in the Carlyle, yauit, of course.' It would have been different, you see, Madame Vine, if my lady had died at home, all proper Mr. Carlyle's wife. They' have buried her, no doubt, by her father, and the boy would have been aid with her. Put she did not." No reply was made by Madame Vine, and a silence ensued; nothing to be heard but that fleeting breath.

"I wonder how that beauty feels?" suddenly broke forth Wilson again, her tone one of scornful irony.

"I wonder how that beauty feels?" sud-denly broke forth Wilson again, her tone

denly broke forth Wilson again, her tone one of scornful irony.

Lady Isabel, her eyes and her thoughts absorbed by William, positively thought Wilson's words must relate to him. She turned to her in surprise.

"That bright gem in the prison at Lynne-borough," exclaimed Wilson. "I hope he may have found himself pretty well stnee vosterday! I wonder how many trainsfuls from West Lynne will go to his hanging?" Isabel's face turned crimson, her heart sick. She had not dared to inquire how the trial terminated. The subject altogether was too dreadful, and nobody had happened to mention it in her hearing.

"Is he condemned?" she breathed in a

in it in her hearing,

"Is he condemned?" she breathed in a low tone.

"He is condemned, and good luck to him! And Mr. Otway Bethel's let loose again, and good luck to him. A nice pair they are! Nobody went from this house to hear the trial—it might not have been pleasant, you know, to Mr. Carlyle; but people came in last night and told us all about it. Young Richard Hare chiedly convicted him. He is back again, and so nice-looking, they say, the cheering and shouts that greeted Mr. Richard when his innocence came out; it pretty near rose off the roof of the court, and the judge didn't stop it."

Wilson paused, but there was no answering comment. On she went again.

"When Mr. Carlyle brought the news home last evening, and broke it to his wife, telling her how Mr. Richard had been received with acclamations, she nearly fainted, for she's not strong yet. Mr. Carlyle called out to me to bring some water—I was in the next room with the baby—and there she was, the tears raining from her eyes, and he holding her to him. I always said there

was, the tears raining from her eyes, and he holding her to him: I always said there was a whole world of love between those two, though he did go and marry another.

Mr. Carlyle ordered me to put the water
down, and sent me away again. But I don't
fancy he told her of old Hare's attack until
this morning."

this morning."
Lady Isabel lifted her aching forehead;
"What stack?"
"Why, madame, don't you know? I de-

clare you box yourself up in the house, keeping from everybody, and you hear nothing. You might as well be living at the bottom of a coalpit. Old Hare had another stroke in the court at Lynneborough, and that's why my mistress is gone to the Grove today."

Grove to-day."

"Who says Richard Hare's come home,

ned,
"a" "Who says Richard Hare's come home,
"a" The question—the weak, scarcely audible question—had come from the dying boy. The question—had come from the dying boy. Wilson threw up her hands and made a bound to the bed. "The like of that!" she to the trends and the state of the state of

The boy brightened up at the well-known presence.

"Papa I"

Mr. Carlyle sat down on the bed and kiased him. The passing bearm of the sun, alasting from the horizon, shone into the room, and Mr. Carlyle could view well the dying face. The grey hule of death wat cartainly on it.

"Is he were I" he exclaimed hastily, to Madame. Vine, who was jacketed, and capped, and spectacled, and tied up round capped, and spectacled, and tied up round."

"Afraid to go! Indeed I hope net, my gentle bey. You are going to God; to hap-

power, as was customary, he shook as if he had the ague, and laid hold both of Madame Vine and Wilson, grasping them convulsively.

"Don't let me fall!" The fall!" Pape, passed William, the trial over "

"Papa," passed "Attiam, while trial over?"

"What trial, my boy?"

"It was over a starder. Never trouble year head about him, my base boy, he is not worth it?"

"Bu I want a knew, Will they hang him?"

"He is secrement to ft."

"Yes. Who has been talking to him upon the onlybut?" He favely or can investigate to Madana v los, marked displacement in his head.

"William many los, marked displacement in his head."

" Wilson mentioned R, sir," we he low answer.

"Oh, papa! what will he do? Will Jesus forgive him?"

"We must hope it."

"We must hope it."
"Do you hope it, papa?"
"Yes. I wish that all the world may be forgiven, William, whatever may have been their sins. My child, how restless you seem?"

"I can't keep in one place; the bed geta wrong. Pull me up on the pilluw, will you, Madame Vine?"

"I carly gently lifted the boy himself.

Madame Vine?"
Mr. Carlyle gently lifted the boy himself.
"Madame Vine is an untiring nurse to you,
William," he observed greatfully casting a
glance toward her in the distance, where she
had retreated, and was shaded by the win-

dow curtain.

William made no reply; he seemed to be treing to recall something. "I forget! I

william made no reply; he seemed to be trying to recall something. "I forget! I forget!"

"Forget what?' asked Mr. Carlyle.

"It was something I wanted to ask you, or to tell you. Jan't Lucy come home?"

"It was something I wanted to ask you, or to tell you. Isn't Lucy come home?"

"I suppose not."

"Papa, I want Joyce."

"I will send her home to you. I am going for your mamma after dinner."

"For mamma?—oh, I remember now. Papa, how shall I know mamma in hoaven? Not this mamma."

Mr. Carlyle did not immediately reply. The question may have puzzled him. William continued hastily; possibly mistaking the motive of the silence.

"She will be in heaven, you know."

"Yes, yes, child "—speaking hurriedly.

"Madame Vine knows she will. She saw her abroad; and mamma told her that—what was it, madame?"

Madame Vine grew sick with alarm. Mr. Carlyle turned his eyes upon her scarlet face—as much as he could get to see of it. She would have escaped from the room if she could.

"Mamma was more sorry than she could bear," went on William, finding he was not helped. "She wanted you, papa, and she wanted us, and her heart broke, and she died."

A flush rose to Mr. Carlyle's brow. He purned inquiringly to Madame Vine.

died."

A flush rose to Mr. Carlyle's brow. He turned inquiringly to Madane Vina.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," she murmured, with desperste energy. "I ought not so to have spoken; I ought not to have interfered in your family affairs. I spoke only as I thought it must be, sir. The boy seemed troubled about his mother."

Mr. Carlyle was the "Pid"

Mr. Carlyle was at sea. "Did you meet his mother abroad? I scarcely understand." She lifted her hand and covered her glow-ing face. "No, sir." Surely the recording angel blotted out the words! If ever a

ing face. "No, sir." Surely the recording angel blotted out the words! If ever a prayer for forgiveness went up from an aching heart, it must have gone up then, for the equivocation over her child's death-bad!

Mr. Carlyle went toward her. "Do you perceive the change in his countenance?" he whispered.

"Yes, sir; yes. He has looked like this since a strange fit of trembling that came on in the afternoon. Wilson thought he might be taken for death. I fear that some four-and twenty hours will end it."

Mr. Carlyle rested his elbow on the window frame, and his hand upon his hrow, his drooping eyelide falling over his eyes. "It is hard to lose him."

"Oh, sir, he will be better off?" she wailed, choking down the sobs and the emotion, that arose threateningly. "We can bear death: it is not the worst parting that the earth knows. He will be quit of this cruel world, sheltered in heaven. I wish we were all there?"

A servant came to say that Mr. Carlyle's

all there!"

A servant came to say that Mr. Carlyle's dinner was served, and he proceeded to it with what appetite he had. When he returned to the sick-room, the daylight had faded, and a solitary candle was placed where its rays could not fall on the child's face. Mr. Carlyle took the light in his hand to scan that face again. He waslying sideways on the pillow, his hollow breath echoing through the room. The light caused him to open his eyes.

"Don't, papa, please. I like it dark."

"Only for one moment, my precious boy." And not for more than a moment did Mr. Carlyle hold it. The blue, niched, ghasle.

And not for more than a moment did Mr. Carlyle hold it. The blue, pinched, ghastly look was there yet. Death was certainly coming on quick.

At that moment Lucy and Archibald came in, on their return from their visit to Miss Carlyle. The dying boy looked up eagerly. "Good-bye, Lucy," he said, putting out his cold, damp hand.

"I am not going out," replied Lucy. "We have but just come home."
"Good-bye, Lucy," repeated he. She laid hold of the little hand then, leaned over, and kissed him. "Good-bye, Lucy, william! but indeed I am not going out anywhere."

William! but indeed I am not going out-anywhere."
"I am," said he. "I am going to heaven. Where's Archie?"
Mr. Carlyle lifted Archie on to the bed. Lucy looked frightened, Archie surprised. "Archie, good-bye; good-bye, dear. I am going to heaven; to that bright, blue-sky, you know. I shall see mamms there, and I'll tell her that you and Lucy are com-ing soon."

and I'll ten her that you and Lucy are coming soon."

Lucy, a sensitive child, broke into a loud storm of sobs; enough to disturb the equanimity of any sober sick-room. Wilson hastened in at the sound, and Mr. Carlyle sent the two children sway, with soothing promises that they should see William in the morning, if he continued well enough. Down on her knees, her face buried in the counterpane, a corner of it stuffed into her mouth that it might help to stiffe her acony, knelt Lady Isabel. The moment's uxcitement was well-nigh beyond her strength of endurance. Her own child; his child; they alone around his death-bed, and she might not sak or receive a word of comfort, of consolation!

not ask or receive a word or comfort, or con-solation?

Mr. Carlyle glanced at her as he caught her choking sobs; just as he would have glanced at any other attentive governess. Feeling her sympathy, doubtless; but noth-ing more; she was not heart and part with him and his departing boy. Lower and lower bent he over that boy, for his eyes

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Section of the continue of the

piness. A few years—we know not how few and ye shall all-come to you."

"Yes, 'plus will be nule to come: I know that. I shall tell mamma sh. I dare say she is looking out for her new. Perhaps she's standing on the hanks of the river, watching the banks."

He had evidently got the picture of Martin's in his mind, the Plait and Hoaven. Mr. Carlyle turned to the table. He saw some strawberry juice, pressed from the fresh fruit, and moistened with it the boy's favetel lipe.

"Papa I can't think how Jesus can be in all the bounts! Perhaps they don't go quite at the same time? He must be, you know, because he comes to feeth us."

"Oh yes. He will take me all the war up to Good, and say, 'Here's a poor little boy come, you must please to forgive him and let him go into heaven, because I deed for him? Papa, did you know that mamma's heart troke?"

"William, I think it likely that your poor mamma's heart arcke?"

"William, I think it likely that your poor mamma's heart arcke?"

"Will and you know that mamma's heart broke?"

"I can't strait breathe; I can't swallow. I wish my breast since then. Last April I than heart good on this hand, and said:

"William, I think to five; and the war up to Good, and say, 'Here's a poor little boy come, you must please to forgive him and let him go into heaven, because I deed for him? Papa, did you know that mamma's heart broke?"

"William, I think to likely that your poor mamma's heart broke?"

"William, I think to fou; not of her. Are you in pain?"

"I can't breathe; I can't swallow. I will not be long first."

The boy nostled himself in his father's

came. But let us talk of you; not of her. Are you in pain?"

"I can't breathe; I can't swallow. I wish Joyce was here."

"She will not be long first."

The boy nestled himself in his fathers arms, and in a few minutes appeared to be asleep. Mr. Carlyle, after a while, gently laid him on his pillow, watched him, and then turned to depart.

"Oh, papa, papa?" he cried out, in a tone of painful entreaty, opening wide his yearning eyes, "say good bye to me?"

Mr. Carlyle's tears fell upon the little upturned face, as he once more caught it to his breast.

"My darling, your papa will soon be back. He is going to bring mamma to see you."

"And pretty little baby Anna?"

"Then put me down, and go, papa."

A lingering embrace—a fond, lingering, and teariful embrace—Ar. Carlyle holding him to his beating heart. Then he laid him comfortably on his pillow, gave him a teaspoonful of strawberry juice, and hastened away.

"Good bye, papa," came forth the little feeble cry.

It was not heard. Mr. Carlyle was gone. Gone from his living child—forever. Up rose Lady Isabel, and flung her arms alon

a fair woman before me.

Soon I was in the midst of the turmoil—shipping, grasping, gasping, panting, perspiring at every pore. Sometimes my head began to reel, but by a strong effort I steadied myself. The whole thing was like a hideous nightmare.

A few minutes sufficed to enable me to detect the mischief—and I saw at once that it could be remedied, and also that it was quite time that it should be. A few minutes more, and the nut would have been off altogether, and the ongine would then have torn herself to pieces in two strokes. Bracing all my energies, I succeeded in applying my screw-key again and again. It required great quickness of hand to seiza the second of time in which a turn could be given. I now found the value of my Clyde training. On the Clyde, an engineer is laught all about the parts of an engine—he learns to do all that requires to be done in case of break-down. I now felt the value of this broad engineering education.

At length I succeeded in making all tight—just as my head began to swim, and my sight began to grow indistinct. How I managed to climb and scramble up again I scarcely know. Old Craigton and one of the firemen hauled me up part of the way by catching hold of my cont-collar. When I got on deck, I fainted and felt.

But now the engine could be worked firmly, and we were succe.

I did not do much more work during that voyage. I was utterly exhausted; my nerves were quite unstrung. But I got my reward.

"NOT LONG." BY BLAKE M.

"Not long till the clouds to rifted.
Till the shadows pass away:
Not long till the one shall shine egain,
On a happier, brighter day.

Till the arm to repidered p, westen,
Now lifted test to sky.

The hard for us all to carry
White journeying up and down
Life hills and value, the heavy cross,
Who rather would some the crosses.
It look for the smiles of a grateful world,
And get but its thanking from it.

Let us take up the angel's whisper, Let us echo the heavenly song; Though our cap of joy and peace and love Be mingled with ill and wrong. Seen shall we have as we are known; "Not long, poor soul! not long!"

AGNES.

It had gone through fire to save her. To do that, I needed no other incentive than a woman's cry for help. But when I had borne her safely from the burning wreck, and had seen the full glory of her beauty, all seared and blistered as I was, I would have braved the perils of a pathway sevenfold more fiery, to keep and call my own a treasure so precious.

It was one of those fearful railroad collisions, in which a tremendous shock and crash, followed by bursting flames and shricks of agony and terror, are all the mind has time to note; nor is much more ever known about them beyond the names of the killed and wounded, and the fact that nobody was to blame.

remembrance of what is said in the catechism against "coveting" might have put
me on my guard; but I didn't know it untit
some minutes afterwards, and it was thes
too late.

Mr. Claremont was absent when I called;
but Agness—for so I ventured to call her to
myself—was there to receive me. She did
it graciously, and with a rosy flush on her
face, which made me feel how sorely I had
overtasked my strength in venturing once
more within the sphere of her dasating and
dangerous beauty.

I had resolved once again to feast my
eves on her surpassing loveliness, and then,
fring to some distant land, to spend the
"But I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald."

eyes on her surpassing loveliness, and then, flying to some distant land, to spend the rest of my days in secret adoration of the idol I mas forbidden openly to worship. No one—least of all she—should ever know the pangs I suffered. But also, for good intentions!

"I have not before had an opportunity to thank you for saving my life," said Agnes, after we were seated, accompanying the words with a look which I would have thought cheaply purchased with my own life ten times over.

"But I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald."
I bit my lip to repress a smile, and walked on. I glanced over my shoulder one, and saw that he was still standing where I left him, gazing at my retreating figure, and, as I imagined, repeating: "I thought it was Miss Fitzgerald."

I immediately drew a fancy sketch of Miss Fitzgerald, and painted her like unto the friends, sisters, consine, acquaintances, and Miss Smiths, whom I had already seen.

I was recalled from my rhapsody by Ag-nes starting up in confusion; and, looking about, I saw Mr. Claremont, whose entrance we had both been too much occupied to ob-serve, estanding supervising the sceam with a smile that proved him at once the most hos-pitable of hosts and complaisant of his-bands.

or in the properties of the pr

"Mr. Vincent has called to bid in good-bye, father," said Agnes, "before leaving the country," said Agnes, "before leaving the country," I exclaimed, in perfect bewilderment; "yon—you don't mean to tell me he is your father?" I exclaimed, in perfect bewilderment; "yon—you don't mean to tell me he is your father?" "Why, what else should I be?" was the question with which Mr. Claremont took it upon himself to answer my own. "But I'm afraid," he continued, "you hadn't done saying 'good-bye;' so I'll leave you to finish it," whereupon he withdrew.

Well, I didn't finish saying it. The fact is, I suddenly discovered there was no necessity at all for going away. What I did say to Agnes, and what she said in return, is nobody's business but our own. Suffice it to say, it was perfectly satisfactory on both sides.

sides.

I mustn't forget to say that Mrs. Claremont, to whom I was introduced in due form, was a very comely and agreeable lady, quite eligible as a step-mother, but, in point of personal attractions, of course not to be compared with Agnes.

A REMINDER.

BY ELLEN WHEELER.

Is there anything in this world more aggravating, I wonder, than being a reminder / You don't know what I mean, probably, but I will endeavor to explain myself.

It is always my fate, whenever I meet a stranger, to remind him, or her, of samebody. After a fifteen minuter chat, I am always informed that I bear a striking resemblance

stranger, to remind him, or her, of somewholdy. After a fifteen minuted chat, I am always informed that I hear a striking resemblance to a certain lady.

"How very much you resemble my consin!"—"You remind me forcibly of my sitter,"—"You seem so smock like a fire and of my acquisintances,—"I wonder if you are related to Miss Smith. I You seem so much like her, I think you must be," have become in a measure resigned, and should really feel disappointed if I were to meet a stranger who failed to say something of the kind.

Analystit is aggravating, as I said before, to be a reminder. Everybody considers it so, I believe; but when I come to think of it dispassionstely, I wonder why they should. There is always a chance that the stranger friend, sister, consin, acquaintances, or Miss Smith, nay be enchanting, lovely, agreesable, and charming, and that it is a high compliment which we have received. We ought to give correctives the benefit of the donkt. I used to, but experience has deprived me of that pleasure even. It has been my jot, on several occasions, to meet with some of these sisters, consina, friends acquaintance, or Miss Smith, to whom the server of the site of the donkt. I used to, but experience has deprived me of that pleasure even. It has been my jot, on several occasions, to meet with some of these sisters, consina, friends acquaintance, or Miss Smith, to whom the server of the site of the donkt. I used to, but experience has deprived me of that pleasure of seeing a lady one, who have a manners and actions were said to be so like wine, and I found the pleasure of seeing a lady one, whose manners and actions were said to be so like wine, and I found the post of the first of the donkt. I may be specific friend, sister, exc. is, and merely offe to a fifteen of the first and vibration of seeing her.

Last winter, while walking in the street fights in personal appearance, and the provided and the provided

## PORGET ME NOT

We suspect there are few of our readers who will not be interested in hearing the pretty incident which originated the name of the beautiful little flower, the forget-ment. The exquisite flower of memory, with its blue, like the tint of the summer heavens, and its golden eye, bright as the eye of Hope itself is conservated not along to the rem

best. Jeans Christ had indeed come, and takes the flecting spirit.

Then she had reconciled herrelf to the third control. She believed that she had reconciled herrelf to the third control had she had reconciled herrelf to the third control had she had reconciled herrelf to the third control had she had reconciled herrelf to the third control had she had reconciled herrelf to the third control had she had reconciled herrelf to the third control had been decreased that some hours more would at least be given him, and now the storm over-themself to the storm

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strained her to his heart, dropping kisses spon burning cheek and brow. "My life—my pseries darling." he mur-

"My life—my peerion darling!" he more mared.

They still out side by side when the dark fell and the purple 'builtight shut those in. There was such friumph in Dorn's heart as he found it bery distort to consult. They was glad of the friendly desired to consult. They was glad of the friendly desired to the heart as thought in force expitation. "The deal had been glittering eyes, sone glower form.

"A told moves, but I have son," the thought in force expitation. "The deal had been glittering or the sone of the mouring the source; round for another hap and all the source; round for another hap and the supplement to the wouring the source; round for another hap and the last the last his traverment to the best taken should be quite as effectual. I know by instemplates warning is worth breeding."

Jasper's thoughts were very different when he finally tore himself away from the temptress' side. He felt a strange sinking at the heart, a sense of loss and pain. He had not meant to declare himself. He was not even sure that he loved horn. But he had yielded himself up to the madness of the moment.

"I know she is good and true," he said

the moment.

"I know she is good and true," he said
to himself, while keeping a late and lonely
vigil in his own apartment, that night,
"my old doubts were a foul wrong to her and I flung them to the winds long ago. I pray howen that no cloud may ever come between us—that we may live on, loving and trusting each other till the end."

(To be continued in our nest.)

### SIBYL'S LESSON.

BY LENA PAUL

before Shiri was aware of it, was gone from her side. She gazed after him as he harried down the road, thinking that he would re-turn; but he walked on, never once looking back, and Shiri realized then what she had

done.
She feit as if all the happiness were gone from her life, and in despair she cried out,
"Oh, Philip Philip! Come back?"
But he did not here her; he was out of sight now; and wringing her hands, and sobbling violently, Siby! hasteried from the

solding violently, Sibyl hastened from the little porch, and went up to her room with a said and heavy heart.

"I will see him to morrow," she said to herself, "and ask him to forgive me."

Ah! if she only knew how many long and weary years were to chapse before she would ever see him again!

They were not very pleasant thoughts which occupied Philip Palton's mind on that bright June afternoon, after he had left Silvi. He walked on, scarcely caring whither he went, a flerce conflict taking place in his noble heart. He loved Silvy! Westwood, and she had promised to become his own little wife, to make tife bright and happy for him, but now that dream was whither be went, a fierce conflict taking place in his noble heart. He loved Bibyt Westwood, and she had promosed to become his own little wife, to make tife bright and happy for him; but now that dream was over; they had quarrelied, and she had refused to become reconciled to him. He thought it all over now, bud, in spite of every constist, calculy laid his plans for the future. It was a hard struggle, inclosed, that he future it was a hard struggle, inclosed, that he fought that peaceful afternoon, when all looked so bright and beautiful, and everything and everybody seemed at rest but himself.

self.
I cannot describe, dear reader, what his feedings were when, the next day, he left his native village, where he had once been monthappy, and which he never expected to see again, nor can I tell you, either, with what secrees Silvi receives this information. So that the day of the receives the information. So the than the son of the wealthy banker, across Silvi receives this information. So

they were parted, these two who had been my most enchanting manner for his benefit.

Five years passed away, and, in all that time, our Sibyl, Sibyl Westwood still, had not seen or met Philip Daiton, although many rumors had reached her, now and then, of his great tame as an author. Her his had been very discrete an author, the hist had been very discrete and authors, and aplended dresses, and rich jewelry, so clated me, that I prepared to be consequently in the property and the property of the property o

been hers.

To night, as she sat by the open window, with her head leaning wearrly upon her hands, she thought of the past—thought of the past—thought of the past—thought of the time when he was so happy—when Philip Dalion first came, and won her fond. Thish p Bailson first canne, and won her find heart, then she thought of the last time they met, and of the cruel words she untered; what would she not have given to recail them—how much she had suffered all them—how much she had suffered all them—how much she had suffered all them woary, weary years, with no sympathy from others, and no hope of ever seeing Philip Ballon!

Overcome by her emotions, she coursed het face with her hands, and burst into tears, "Oh, Phillip, Philip?" she said aloud, "where are you to-night? Oh, if I could but see you—could but tell you how truly corry I m:"

Somebody was standing beside her; a hand was laid gently up she saw Philip Dalons and, looking up she saw Philip Dalons and, looking up, she saw Philip Dalons and looking up, she saw Philip Dalons arrived the received to several of my friends who were absented himself more than two days at a time, had not made his appearance; and, worst of all, he was at the themeter the night before with that horrid little Nora Knapp. Some people called Nora pertity but I never could see it; and on that particular evening she was positively that there was positively that the station.

It is not the could be the sum of the invitation.

Cousin Harry Virsing's a great deal micer I Indeed, I love him dearly; and I could not marry my cousin; and I besides, just him to feel very miserable again; "but I could not marry my cousin; and I besides, just him to feel very miserable again; "but I oculd not marry my cousin; and I besides, just him to feel very miserable again; "but I oculd not marry my cousin; and I beside, was point well as a could not marry my cousin; and I besides, just him to feel very miserable again; "but I could not marry my cousin; and I besides, just word to get Tom Dickerson; wealth. Any could not marry my cousin; and I besides, just word to get Tom Dickerson; wealth. Any could not marry my cousin; and I besides, just word to get Tom Dickerson; wealth and its miser.

Nearly a veek passed, and Cousin Harry. Who never absented himself

COMING PLEASURES.

MY OGUSIN HARRY. ME BENER VARION.

My cousin, Harry Vining, had said, the evening before "Little cor, I'm coming to take you for a drive to-morrow, if the weather is fine," and the weather being fine, we went.

He was only my second cousin; but we had always made a great deal of the relationship, and he seamed more like a brother than so distant a connection. But on that day he told fine how he loved me, and how I could only make his life hancy, and would

day he told me how he loved me, and how I could only make his life happy, and would I be his wife?

At first I could not believe him; yet surely be could not be in sport; and I, as usual began to cry. Then, when he tried to squeeze my band, I drew it away, and sat, after I had recovered from my first outburst, looking red, and tearful, and abached. I felt as though Cousin Harry, whom I loved very much, but not in that way, had really done something very impolitic and unkind.

To tell the truth, it was my first offer

"To tell the truth, it was my first offer; and to accept it would have been the height of absurdity. When he looked at me some tensor in his voice, that it ought to have touched Sitry! Westwood's heart; but she was angry now, and gave no heed to any show of emotion on his part.

She tossed her head a little defiantly as she said, "I shall do no such thing! You have chosen to become displeased with me upon a trifling master.

"But Sity! — "Philip Balton ventured to say.

She interrupted him coldly.

"I have heard enough, sir; there can be nothing more between us, hervaffer our paths in life are different."

"Sity!, do you reality mean this? Are you fully aware of what you are saying?"

"I believe I am, sir; I was never more same than I am at this moment."

A look of intense pain crossed Philip Balton's handsome face as she spoke these cruel words, and it was in a treinulous voice that he said, "ticod-bye, then, Niby!; I never meant to offend you—never intended any wrong towards you. I loved you too well to do anything that was not for your own good. Forgive me, and always think well of me as a friend, if as nothing more. He caught her hand, wrong it hastily, and hor ride. She gazed after him as he harried on the part of where mamma sat with her work.

"It can be a friend, if as nothing more."

He caught her hand, wrong it hastily, and hear well of me as a friend, if as nothing more has a first of the way.

The caught her hand, wrong it hastily, and hear word in the hand, wrong it hastily, and hear word. The caught her hand, wrong it hastily, and hear word. The caught her hand, wrong it hastily, and hear word. The caught her hand, wrong it hastily, and hear word. The caught her hand, wrong it hastily, and hear well of the work.

"It seems to me that you ride was underly short," she said, as I entered.

her work.

"It seems to me that your ride was unusually short," she said, as I entered.

"Oh, it was cold, and windy, and forlorn, and I wanted to get home."

No reply, but a look of some surprise; such an excuse from me was unheard of. After a pause, she asked, "Why didn't Harry come in?"

"Why, I thought he was behind me, and when I turned at the door he was driving off."

ing off."
Another questioning look. Evidently

Another questioning look. Evidently maintan saw that something was wreng and was puzzled at what it could be. So I said, "I think I'il go and play a little," glad of any proteat for getting out of range of her sharp eyes.

But I was too much perturbed to play, and

soon closed the piano, and then went up to my room, and then down again to the sit-ting-room; and I wandered about, until I heard my father's step, and sprang to meet

him.
At dinner, he and manima behaved in the

they were parted, these two who had been my sweetest smiles and my most enchanting

not seen of new and reached her, now and then, of his great fame as an author. Her the had been very dreary since he left—so very weary and hopeless to her, having to bear, day after day, the same heavy lead of mingled sorrow and represent for casting daded the great affection that might have been here.

To night, as she sat by the open window, the har head leaning wearrly upon her with him on a certain evening, it was only with him on a certain evening, it was only

stayed at home for worlds, though I had nearly cried my eyes out, and had a violent headache in consequence. On such conscions, Harry had always been my securi; but, of course, he would take some use else new, and Tom had asked

affairs, and to sympathizing with and assisting mamma among the peopre, and to being extremely methodical and precise.

Harry had not been to the house since that last day, over three months ago; and now mamma and papa did not mention, him. I never told them the cause of seeing thing and they soon ceased to question me, though I could not help suspecting that they knew.

At last, one day, Ton Dickerson asked me, in a simplify himselfing sort of a way, if I would be his wife; whereupon I informed him, in a manner sufficiently positive, that I would be his wife; whereupon I informed him, in a manner sufficiently positive, that I would be his wife; whereupon I informed him, in a manner sufficiently positive, that I would be his wife; whereupon I informed him, in a manner sufficiently positive, that I would be his wife; whereupon I informed him, in a manner sufficiently positive, that I would be made a missake; wanted to know if I really meant it; and said that I should

"But how can we be sure that she will be to bend his ear to catch the faint whisper.

"And there shall be no more death, Lady Isabel, her eyes and her thoughts absorbed by William, positively thought there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

"Madame Vine, do you think mamma that was."

"Ay, ere long."

"But how shall I know her? You see, has a simplify be forehead upon his wasted arm, and burst no a flood of impassioned tears. "You will know her, never fear, William; she has not forgotten you."

"Is he condemned?" she breathed in a low tone.

met, though I could not sheep search they know.

At least, other, Turn Dickerous nabels and I would be the wide; whereagon I informed him, in a manner sufficiently would not. His surprise and he was according to the farmed of the surprise and he was somethy and the theory of the surprise and he at length note leave, saying that it is not an about the surprise and he at length note leave, saying that it is also the surprise and he at length note leave, saying that it is also the surprise and he at length note leave, saying that it is also the surprise and he at length note leave, saying that it is also the surprise and he at length note leave, saying that it is also the surprise and he at length note leave, saying that it is also that it would be surprised. The surprise and he at length note leave, saying that it is also that it would be surprised to the surprise and the at length note leave, the surprised him is harmous and he at length note leave, to do with mount torus, of Harr's de-story, todd with torus, to the surprised of the surprised of the work of the torus, and the work of the torus, and the work of the torus, and t

immediately seen Harry, and had brought about this meeting.

As for the latter, his attentions to Miss Knapp were intended solely to bring me to my senses, if I had any, as she was soon to be married to a gentleman who was then We were married, after a very short en-

gagement; and, though my short married life has had some clouds, they have resulted, generally, from my own pettishness, and they are becoming more rare. But of this I am sure, that I never was so happy be-

### TROUBLE.

but see you—could but tell you how truly sorry I km."

Somelacity was standing beside her; a hand was laid gently upon Sibyl's bowed head, and looking up, she saw Phillip Dalton's earnost gray yee bent upon her.

"My darling," he said, tremulous with emotion, "I could stay away from you no longer, do you hove me still, Sibyl'?

She did not answer, and he held her a little from him, engerly scanning her face, as if to read there an answer to his question, then, as if satisfied with his rapid survey of that pale, lear-wet face, he folded her to his bosom.

"Kiss me, and make it up, Sibyl, will you not?" he asked, once more; and Sibyl looking up into the handsome face above her, and sulfing through her tears, did not refuse him.

She had learned a leason—one which she was in the gayest spirits, quite converted him looking. When the handsome face above her, and sulfing through her tears, did not refuse him.

We had received, invitations to a party of the life.

We had received, invitations to a party of the life.

We had received, invitations to a party of the life.

We had received, invitations to a party of the life.

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We had received, invitations to a party of the life.

We had received, invitations to a party of the life.

We had received invitations to a party of the life.

## EAST LYNNE;

"Like yours. Very much like Lucy's."
"Was she pretty!"

"Like yours. Very much like Lucy's."

"Was she pretty?"

A momentary pause. "Yes."

"Oh, dear! I am ill. Hold me!" cried out William, as his head sank to one side, and great drops, as large as peas, broke forth upon his clamy face. It appeared to be one of the temporary faint attacks that had overpowered him at times lately, and Lady isabel rang the bell hastily.

Wilson came in, in answer. Joyce was the usual attendant upon the sick-room; but Mrs. Carlyle, with her infant, was passing the day at the Grove, unconscious of the critical state of William, and she had taken Joyce with her. It was the day following the trial. Mr. Justice Hare had been brought to West Lynne in his second attack, and Barbara had gone to see him, to console her mother, and to welcome Richard to his home again. If one carriage drove, that day, to the Grove, with cards and inquiries, fifty did, not to speak of the foot callers. "It is all meant by way of attention to you, Richard," said gentle Mrs. Hare, smilling through her loving tears at her restored son. Laxy and Archie were dining at Miso Carlyle's, and Sarah attended little Arthur, leaving Wilson free. She same in, in answer to Madame Vine's ring.

"Is he off in ampher faint?" unceremoniously cried she, hastening to the bed.

"I think so. Help to raise him."

William did not laint. No; the attack was quite different from those he was subject to. Instead of losing consciousness and

EAST LYNE; and will not grown care and an a right handsche in consequence.

It was all the grown of the standard of the standard handsche in consequence and the standard handsche in consequence.

It was all the grown of the standard of the standard handsche in consequence and the standard handsche in consequence.

What did did not go to Tong and I make the standard of the standar

"Who says Richard Hare's come home, Wilson?"

The question—the weak, scarcely audible question—had come from the dying boy. Wilson threw up her hands and made a bound to the bed. "The like of that?" she uttered, aside to Mrs. Vine. "One never knows when to take these sick ones. Master William, you hold your tongue and drop of to sleep again. Your paps will be home soon from Lynneborough; and if you talk and get tired, he'll say li's my fault. Come, shut your eyes. Will you have a bit more jelly."

William, making no reply to the offer of jelly, buried his face again on the pillow. But he was grievously restless: the nearly worn-out spirit was ebbing and flowing.

Mr. Carlyle was at Lynneborough. He always had much buriness there at assige time, in the Nis Priss Court; but the previous day he had not gone himself, Mr. Dill had been dispatched to represent him.

Between seven and eight he returned home, and came into William's chamber. The boy brightened up at the well-known presence.

"Papap"

The boy brightened up at the well-known presence.

"Papa"

Mr. Carlyle sat down on the hed and kissed him. The passing beams of the sun, slanting from the horizon, shone into the room, and Mr. Carlyle could view well the room, and Mr. Carlyle could view well the room, and Wr. Carlyle could view well the room and wr. Carlyle could view wr. Carlyle could view wr. Carlyle could view wr. Carlyle could view wr. Carlyle could

power, as was contomary, he shook as if he had the ague, and laid hold both of Madame Universal fashies.

"He appear were this evening sic—more weak."

"Papa," passed Wiffiam, the trial over "

"Pape," passed Wiffiam, who trial over?"

"What trial, my boy?"

"Mr Francis Levison's"

"It was over marries. Never trouble your head about him, my ware boy, he is not worth it?"

"But I want to know, Will they hang him?"

"But I want to know, Will they hang him?"

"Tes. Who has been talking to him upon the subject." Mr. Cartyle betinned to Mediana Vitte married displacements in his tom.

"Wilson mentioned R, sir," west to lor

"Wilson mentioned ft, air," we have low answer.

"Oh, papa! what will he do? Will Jesus forgive him?"

"We must hope it."

"Do you hope it, papa?"

"Yes. I wish that all the world may be forgiven, William, whatever may have been their aims. My child, how restless you seem?"

"I can't keep in one place: the held sets."

seem?"

"I can't keep in one place; the bed gets wrong. Pull me up on the pillow, will you, Madame Vine?"

Mr. Carlyle gently lifted the boy hinself. "Madame Vine is an untiring nurse to you, William," he observed greatfully casting a glance toward her in the distance, where she had retreated, and was shaded by the window curtain.

"It was recall something." "I forget! I forget!"

"Forget what?" asked Mr. Carlyle.
"It was something I wanted to ask you,

forget!"

"Forget what?" asked Mr. Carlyle.

"It was something I wanted to ask you, or to tell you. Isn't Lucy come home?"

"I suppose not."

"Papa, I want Joyce."

"I will send her home to you. I am going for your mamma after dinner."

"For mamma?—oh, I remember now. Papa, how shall I know mamma in heaven? Not this mamma."

Mr. Carlyle did not immediately reply. The question may have puzzled him. William continued hastily; possibly mistaking the motive of the silence.

"She will be in heaven, you know."

"Yes, yes, child"—speaking hurriedly.

"Madame Vine knows she will. She saw her abroad; and mamma told her that—what was it, madame?"

Madame Vine grew sick with alarm. Mr. Carlyle turned his eves upon her scarlet face—as much as he could get to see of it. She would have escaped from the room if she could."

She would have escaped from the room if she could.

"Mamma was more sorry than she could bear," went on William, finding he was not helped. "She wanted you, paps, and she wanted us, and her heart broke, and she

died."

A flush rose to Mr. Carlyle's brow. He turned inquiringly to Madame Vine.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," she murmured, with desperate energy. "I ought not so to have spoken; I ought not to have interfered in your family affairs. I spoke only as I thought it must be, sir. The boy seemed troubled about his mother."

seemed troubled about his mother."

Mr. Carlyle was at sea. "Did you meet his mother abroad? I scarcely understand."

She lifted her hand and covered her glowing face. "No, sir." Surely the recording angel blotted out the words! If ever a prayer for forgiveness went up from an aching heart, it must have gone up then, for the equivocation over her child's death-bad!

Mr. Carlyle went toward her. "Do you perceive the change in his countenance?" he whispered.

"Yes, air; yes. He has looked like this."

"I am," said re.
Where's Archie?"
Mr. Carlyle lifted Archie on to the bed.
Lucy looked frightened, Archie surprised.
"Archie, good-bye; good-bye, dear. I
am going to heaven; to that bright, blue
sky, you know. I shall see mamms there,
and I'll tell her that you and Lucy are com-

and I'll tell her that you and Lucy are coming scon."

Lucy, a sensitive child, broke into a loud storm of sobs; enough to disturb the equanimity of any sober slek-room. Wilson hastened in at the sound, and Mr. Carlyle sent the two children away, with soothing promises that they should see William in the morning, if he continued well enough.

Down on her knees, her face buried in the counterpane, a corner of it suffed into the counterpane, a corner of it suffed into the mouth that it might belp to stiffe her agony, knell Lady label. The moment's excitement was well-nigh beyond her strength of endurance. Her own child; his child; they alone around his death-hed, and she might not ask or receive a word of comfort, of consolation!

Mr. Carlyle glanced at her as he caught her choking sobs; just as he would have glanced at any other attentive governess. Feeling her sympathy, doubtless; but nothing more; she was not heart and part with him and his departing boy. Lower and lower bent he over that boy, for his eyes were wet.

"Don't crv. pana." whispered William.

come back."

"Then put me down, and go, papa."

A lingering embrace—a fond, lingering, and travella embrace—Mr. Carlyle holding him to his beating heart. Then he laid him comfortably on his pillow, gave him a teappoonful of strawberry juice, and hastened away. "Good bye, pape," came forth the little

feeble cry.

It was not heard. Mr. Carlyle was gone. Gone from his living child—forever. Up rose Lady Jaabel, and flung her arms aloft.

in a storm of sobs.
"Oh, William, darling! in this dying moment, let me be to you as your mother?"

Again the unclosed his wearied eyelids.

It is probable that he only partially under-

stood.

"Papa's gone for her."

"Not her! I—I"—Lady Isabel checked herself, and fell sobbing on the bed. No; not even at that last hour, when the world was closing on him, dared she say, I am your mother.

your mother.

Wilson re-entered. "He looks as if he were dropping off to sleep," quoth she.

"Yes," said Lady Isabel. "You need not wait, Wilson. I will ring if he requires

wilson, though withal not a bad-hearted

anything."

Wilson, though withal not a bad-hearted woman, was not one to remain for pleasure in a sick-room, if told she might leave it. She, Lady leabel, remained alone. She fell on her kness again, this time in prayer—in prayer for the departing spirit, on its wing, and that God would mercifully vouchasfe herself a resting place with it in heaven.

A review of the past then rose up before her, from the time of her first entering that house, the bride of Mr. Carlyle, to her present square in it. The old scenes passed through her mind like the changing pictures in a phantasamagoria. Why should they have come, there and then? She knew not.

William slept on silently: she thought of the past. The dreadful reflection. "If I had not—done as I did—how different would it have been now?" had been sounding its knell in her heart so often, that she had almost ceased to shudder at it. The very nails of her hands had, before now, entered the palms with the sharp pain it brought. Stealing over her more especially this night, there, as she knell, her head lying on the counterpane, came the recoilection of that first illness of hers. How she this night, there, as she knelt, her head lying on the counterpane, came the recollection of that first illness of hers. How she had lain, and, in her unfounded jealousy, imagined Barbara the house's mistress. She dead; Barbara exalted to her place, Mr. Carlyle's wife, her child's stepmother! She recalled the day when, her mind excited by certain gossip of Wilson's—it was previously in a state of fever bordering on delirium—she had prayed her husband, in terror and anguish, not to marry Barbara. "How could he marry her?" he had replied, in his acothing pity. "She, Isabel, was his wife: who was Barbara? Nothing to them?" But it had all come to pass.

plied, in his acothing pity. "She, Isabel, was his wife: who was Barbara? Nothing to them?" But it had all come to pass. She had brought it forth. Not Mr. Carlyle; not Barbara; she alone. Oh, the dreadfai misery of the retrospect.

Lost in thought, in anguish past and present, in self-condemning repentance, the time passed on. Nearly an hour must have elapsed since Mr. Carlyle's departure, and William had not disturbed her. But—who was this, coming into the room? Joyce. She hastily rose up, as Joyce, advancing with a quiet step, drew aside the clothes to look at William. "Master aays he has been wanting me," she observed. "Why—oh!" It was a sharp, momentary cry, subdued as soon as uttered. Madame Vine sprang forward to Joyce's side, looking also. The pale young face lay caim in its utter stillness; the busy little heart had ceased to beat. Jesus Christ had indeed come, and taken the fleeting spirit.

Then she lost all self-control. She believed that she had reconciled herself to the child's death, that she could part with him without too great emotion. But she had not anticipated it would be quite so soon; she had deepned that some hours more would at least be given him, and now the storm overwhelmed her. Crying, sobbing, calling, she flung herself upon him; she clasped him to her; she dashed off her disquising glasses; she laid her face upon his, beseeching him to come back to her, that she might any farewell—to her, his mother; her darling child, her lost William.

Joyce was terrified—terrified for consequences. With har full strength she pulled her from the boy, praying her to consider to be still. "Do not, do not, for the love of heaven! My lady?" sy lady?"

It was the old familiar title that struck her fears and induced calanness. She stared at Joyce, and retreated beckward, after the

piness. A few years—we know not show few—and ye shall all-come to you."

"Yes, you will be safe to gene: I know that. I shall rell mansson so. I dare say she is looking out for five now. Perhaps she's standing out for five now. Perhaps she's standing out for five now. Perhaps she's standing on the banks of the river, watching the boats."

He had evidenally got the picture of Martin's in his mind, the Pisit so Heaven. Mr. Carlyle turned to the table. He saw some strawberry joice, pressed from the fresh fruit, and moistened with it the boy's fevere! lips.

"Papa I can't think how Jesus can be in all the boats!" Perhaps they don't go quite at the same time? He must be, you know because he comes to fetch us."

"Oh yes. He will take me all the way up to God, and say, 'Here's a poor little boy come, you must please to forgive him and let him go into heaven, because I died for him?" Papa, did you know that manma's heart broke?"

"William, I think it likely that your poor manma's heart did break, ere deaph came. But let us talk of you; not of her. Are you in pain?"

"I can't breathe; I can't swallow. I who have come."

"She will not be lone first."

"She will not be lone first."

and bet him go into heaven, because I died for him? Papa, did you know that mamma's heart broke?"

"William, I think it likely that your papa mamma's heart did break, ere death came. But let us talk of you; not of her. Are you in pain?"

"I can't breathe; I can't awallow. I wish Joyce was here."

"She will not be long first."

The boy newtled himself in his father's arms, and in a few minutes appeared to be asleep. Mr. Carlyle, after a while, gently laid him on his pillow, watched him, and then turned to depart.

"Oh, papa, papa?" he cried out, in a tone of painful entreaty, opening wide his yearning eyes, "say good byte to me."

Mr. Carlyle's tears fell upon the little upturned face, as he once more caught it to his breast.

"My darling, your papa will soon be back. He is going to bring mamma to see you."

"And pretty little baby Anna?"

"And baby Anna, if you would like her to come in. I will not leave my darling boy for long: he need not fear. I shall not leave you again to night, William, when I come back."

"Then put me down, and go, papa."

A lingering embrace—a fond, ingering, and tearful embrace—Mr. Carlyle holding him to his beating heart. Them he laid him comfortably on his pillow, gave him a tea-

Mr. Carlyle strode into the chamber. But, ere he was well across it turned back to slid the bolt of the door. On the pillow lay the white, thin face, at rest now.

"My boy! my boy! Oh, God!" he murmired, in bowed reverence, "mayst Thou have received this child to rest in Jesus! Even as, I trust, Thou hast already received his unhanger morter!"

his unhappy mother!"
(To be continued in our next.)

### FACING DEATH.

The weather had been dirty for several days. As the heavens were obscured, no dobervation could be taken, and we had been obliged to sail by "dead-reckoning"—that is, we guessed our position from the log. Dead-reckoning is not a very satisfactory mode of ascertaining a vessel's position, and as the navigation of this part of our voyage was, rather difficult, the poor captain was rather anxious. He and the officers were continually glancing heavenwards, to try to get a peep at the sun; but, as I have said, for days together there was nothing to be seen but heavy masses of clouds or banks of foggy driafle. We steamed along, half-speed, a very strict look-out being kept. There was one wild rocky point which the skipper was very anxious to give as wide a berth as possible, and, to make sure of this, as he thought, he instructed the officers to make a great allowance in the steering. We should have made land by this time, but hitherto none had been sighted.

When I turned in for my watch below, the sea was getting up, and I noticed the captain and chief officer on the bridge, in very earnest consultation.

"There will be a gale blowing shortly," thought I, as I turned into my bunk, in order to smatch four hours' sleep, if possible.

I fell into a profound slumber as soon as I had put my head down. Just as four belia (2 A. M.) were being struck, I was

tired of going to sea—and you'd see engineer next voyage. There is my hand on it."

I grasped his hand—I knew that I was sure of the first vacancy that occurred, and I knew also that old Craigton would keep his promise.

I braced myself up, but still I felt a chill run through me, and my heart throbbed in my throat for a minute.

But I felt as if this were my chance to obtain possession of Jeanie. It was the old feeling of chivalry—doing a daring deal for a woman's sake.

I stood on deck for a minute or two. The screaming blast of wind and the heavy clouds of apray acted like tonics. I soon gained complete self-possession, and descended to my desperate work. Old Craigton stood by to choke off the steam when the engine began to race.

Down I went—down into that hole where I had even less mercy to expect than in a lion's den. Taking my life into my hand, I descended to the depths—with the vision of a fair woman before me.

Soon I was in the midst of the turnoil—slipping, grasping, gasping, panting, perspiring at every pore. Sometimes my bead

set I had even hem mercy to espect than in a close itom when T had in a with the vision of a fair woman before me.

The should was in the midst of the turnoully adopted the should be passing, gapting, panting, period of the should be passing, gapting ponting, period of the should be passing to reel, but toy a strong effort I teach is begin to reel, but toy a strong effort I teach is the should be passing to reel, but toy a strong effort I teach is the should be passing to reel, but toy a strong effort I teach is the should be passing to reel, but toy a strong effort I teach is the should be passing to reel, but toy a strong effort I teach is the should be passing to reel, but toy a strong effort I teach is the should be passing to the should be passing to reel, but toy a strong effort I teach is the should be passing to the should be passing to the should be passing to the should be passing all my care when y again a day in the should be passing all my sight began to gow in indistinct. How I managed to climb and seramble up again I seemed, but now the engine could be worked firmly, and we were sared.

I did not do much more work during that yoyage. I aw su uterly exhausted; ny mercy sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any my rerve sever quite unstrung. But I got any the passing period for his product of the passing period for his product of the passing

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was not piesant to dive down into that ho takes the fleeting spirit.

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The control of the half exceeded the fleeting spirit.

The control of the half exceeded the fleeting spirit.

The chief was too old and stiff to show the half exceeded the some hours more white the half exceeded that some hours more white the half exceeded that some hours more than the half exceeded that some hours are the half exceeded that some hours more than the half exceeded that some hours more than the half exceeded that some hours are the half exceeded that some hours more than the half exceeded that some hours are the half exceeded that the half exceeded the half exceeded that the half exceeded that the half exceeded the half exceeded that the half exceeded that the half exceeded the half exceeded that the half exceeded that the half exceeded the half exceeded that the half exceeded that the half exceeded that the half exceeded that the half exceeded the hal

### "NOT LONG."

BY ELAIR M.

"Not long if the clouds to rifted, This the shadows pass away; Not long it the son chall chase again, the condition of the condition of the Fift to large or tradered in wellow, Now lifted to to shadows in wellow,

Tis hard for us all to carry
White journeying up and down
Life hills and value, the heavy cross,
Who rather would want the crosses.
To look for the nestion of a grapeful world,
And get but its thankless from a

Let us take up the singet's whisper, Let us sche the hearenly mon; Though our cap of jay and peace and leve the mingled with ill and wrong, Seen shall we "know as we are known;" "Not long, poor soul? not long!"

AGNES.

I had gone through fire to save her. To do that, I needed no other incentive than a woman's cry for help. But when I had borne her safely from the burning wreck, and had seen the full glory of her beauty, all seared and blistered as I was, I would have braved the perils of a pathway sevenfold more fiery, to keep and call my own a treasure so precious.

some minutes afterwards, and it was over too late.

Mr. Claremont was absent when I called; but Agness—for so I ventured to call her to myself—was there to receive me. She did it graciously, and with a rosy flush on her face, which made me feel how sorely I had overtasked my strength in venturing once more within the sphere of her dasting and dangerous basaity.

dangerous beauty.
I had resolved once again to feast my eyes on her surpassing loveliness, and then, flying to some distant land, to spend the rest of my days in secret adoration of the idol I was forbidden openly to worship. No one—least of all she—should ever know the pangs I suffered. But alas, for good intentions!

"I have not before had an opportunity to thank you for saving my life," said Agnes, after we were seated, accompanying the words with a look which I would have thought cheaply purchased with my own life ten times over.

"But I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald and walked on. I glanced over my shoulder one, and saw that he was still standing where I left him, gazing at my retreating figure, and, as I imagined, repeating:

"I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald."

I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald. I walked on. I glanced over my shoulder one, and saw that he was still standing where I left him, gazing at my retreating figure, and, as I imagined, repeating:

I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald."

I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald, and saw that he was still standing where I left him, gazing at my retreating figure, and, as I imagined, repeating:

I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald."

I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald, and saw that he was still standing where I left him, gazing at my retreating figure, and, as I imagined, repeating:

I throught you were Miss Fitzgerald."

I thought you were Miss Fitzgerald. "I thought it was Miss Fitzgerald."

I was recalled from my rhapsody by Ag-nes starting up in confusion; and, looking about, I saw Mr. Claremont, whose entrance we had both been too much occupied to ob-serve, estanding supervising the scene with a smile that proved him at once the most hos-pitable of hosts and complaisant of hus-bands.

bands.

"I fear my intrusion is a little inoppor-tune," he remarked, with a quiszical look.

"Mr. Vincent has called to bid a good-bye, father," said Agnes, "before leaving

"Mr. Vincent has called to bid us good-bye, father," said Agnes, "before leaving the country," said Agnes, "before leaving the country," I exclaimed, in perfect bewilderment; "you—you don't mean to tell me he is your father?"

"Why, what else should I be?" was the question with which Mr. Claremont took it upon himself to answer my own. "But I'm afraid," he continued, "you hadn't done saying 'good-bye,' so I'll leave you to finish it;" whereupon he withdrew.

Well, I didn't finish saying it. The fact is, I suddenly discovered there was no necessity at all for going away. What I did say to Agnes, and what she said in return, is nobody's business but our own. Suffice it to say, it was perfectly salisfactory on both sides.

sides.

I mustn't forget to say that Mrs. Clare mont, to whom I was introduced in duform, was a very comely and agreeable lady, quite eligible as a step-mother, but, it point of personal attractions, of course no to be compared with Agnes.

### A REMINDER.

BY BLLEN WHEELER.

informed that I bear a striking resemblance to a certain lady.

"How very much you resemble my consin!"—"You seem so mach like a friend of mine."—"You seem so mach like a friend of my acquaintances."—"I wonder if you are related to Miss Smith! You seem so much like her, I think you must be," have become familiar phress to my ears. I have become familiar phress to my ears. I have become in a measure resigned, and should really feel disappointed if I were to meet a stranger who failed to say sonathing of the kind.

Analyet it is aggravating, as I said before, to be a reminder. Kverybody considers it so, I bulseve; but when I come to think of it dispassionntely, I wonder why they should. There is always a chance that the stranger friend, sister, cousins, acquaintance, or Miss Smith, may be enchanting, lovely, agreeable, and charming, and that it is a high compliment which we have received. We ought to give ourselves the benefit of the doubt. I used to, but experience has deprived me of that pleasure even. It has been my lot, on several occasions, to meet with some of those sisters, cousins, friends, acquaintances, or Miss Smiths, to whom I bure so striking a resemblance; and I have always found them, without exception, to be perfect frights in personal appearance. And I had the pleasure of seeing a lady once, whose manners and actions were said to be so like mise, and I found her to be the most hateful and disagreeable mortal that had ever crossed my path.

Consequently, I do not indulge in any pleasant flights of fancy in regard to the friend, sister, etc., is, and merely offer up a silent prayer, asking that I may be squred the humiliation of seeing her.

Last winter, while walking in the street, my hands in my muff, my eyes on the pavement, I found my pathway obstructed by the figure of a good-sized gentleman. I looked up into a rather handsome face, just now wreathed in smiles. He looked down upon me with delighted eyes. "Where are you stopping now?"

I suppose my countenance expressed blank astonishment, as I

"The act was its own recompense," I stammered, with a vague apprehension that I might as well have followed copy and said, "Virtue is its own reward."

We were both silent for some moments.
"Being on the eve of leaving the country," I mustered courage to say, "I have taken the liberty—that is, I have done myself the honor—"

"I have done myself the honor—"

"I have done myself the consecrated not alone to the remission of the beautiful little flower, bright as the eye of Hope the consecrated not alone to the remission of the summer heavens, and its golden eye, bright as the eye of Hope the consecrated not alone to the remission of the means the consecrated not alone to the remission of the means the consecrated not alone to the remission of the means the consecrated not alone to the remission of the consecrated not alone to the remission

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Flirt-no one of our English dictionaries

Flire—no one of our English dictionaries suggests a derivation for this word which seems to us acceptable. Richardson suggests that it may be from fleer, "to flee avoid, escape from; "fleer, fleered, flirt; but this is unsatisfactory, at least as regards the modern acceptation of the term, in the sense of coupetting, and its accompaniment of pretty speeches. The French have stidious which expresses the same idea, and seems to be the probable origin of our own term. A gentleman, in paying his court to a lady, is said comer fluoretie; and of a lady, receiving his attention, it is said, elle nine in fluorette.

Bischerelle, besides its ordinary signification of a "little flower," explains fluorette to mean jois chose, que did a use fluorette to mean jois chose, que did a use fluorette to mean jois chose, que did a use fluorette to mean jois chose, que did a use fluorette to mean jois chose, que did a use fluorette to mean jois chose, que did a use fluorette to mean jois chose, que did a use fluorette to mean jois chose, que did a use fluorette to mean jois chose, que did a use fluore emple de la lady, says to her.")

Whatever he its meaning, in French, Latin, or Greek, its English has driven pany seen distracted, and it is high time to make war upon and extract its poison before its ravages go further. The quality is a component part of both sexes; men often use it ercuelly, triumphantly. Some women only use the light artillery of coquetry to attract general admiration. The pride and vanity of others sharpen and enlarge the pleasant ammement, until its ravages on charactor, and the affections often deepen into tragedies. It has held its away for many years, even since the days of old Addison, who must have been a victim when he exclaimed: "In the unfurfing of the fan are several little flirts and vibrations."

ances of the howels and the nerves which always accompany them. The shortest, servest, enfest way to get rid of these crisis, and of the mental despond-ency which grown out of them, is to tone and regu-ulate the system with Houstonie Sitonach Strines. Or all stimulates it at the purcest, of all regulation testics the most active, of all catherties the midset, of all anti-bilitus preparations the most swift and certain in the operation. Desires the recent scill and certain in its operation. During the twenty old years it has been in use it has fixed down professional prejudices, distanced competition, and taken rank as the standard restorative of the age.

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R. J. C. WALKER, Proprieter, 727 Wainut Street, PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday Evening, June 27, 1874.

### LOW SPIRITS.

A distinguished lexicographer after defining blue—"one of the seven original colors"—gives a second definition, to wit: "low spirits; contracted from blue-devits—a cant phrase for dejection." Now blue is the color of gladness, and one would suppose that the melancholy mind would naturally "be of the darkest color," and yet the association is quite in keeping, for the men who first the "blues" deepest and suffer the most from low spirits are naturally the most joyful and humorous people. They have a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the natural accompaniment thereof is a quick sensibility

Tours and laughter closely are allied, And their partitions do their bounds divide."

And their partitions do their bounds diretion."
That is the law of compensation, the swing of the pendulum; the higher you ascend in your joy, the lower you are cast down in your sorrow. Perhaps the reason why persons of great humor and excessive lightness of heart are saddened and oppressed by persons of gloom—have "file of the blues"—is that otherwise they would have no proper pity or sympathy for their less fortunate and suffering neighbors, and could not, indeed, understand the sad side of human nature, for the eye never sees so

could not, indeed, understain the each sale of human nature, for the eye never seem so clearly so when dimmed by a tear.

Many are the causes which produce low apirits. Primarily, ill health will eat away the brightness of a man's spirit as well and as surely as the strength of his body; suffering and produce the surely as the strength of his body; suffering and accounts of the surely as the strength of his body; suffering and accounts of the surely as the strength of his body; suffering and accounts of the surely as the strength of his body; suffering the surely as the surely as the strength of his body; suffering the surely suffering the surely supplies the surely surely supplies the surely surely suffering the surely the brightness of a man's spirit as well and as surely as the strength of his hody; suffering and mental gloominess are old acquaintances—they hunt in coupies. Bitter memorials of old sins, feelings of removes for broken ties, and rash follies, often fill the mind with foreboding. Failures in business, loss of property, hard times, or the fear of them—these bring on the dark days, and there is sure to come with them their unpleasant shadow, "the blues." Unrequited love: we sometimes laugh at the wos-begone appearance of a youth who, "having all the world before him," yet goes about sighing like a furnace. It seems very ridiculous, very absurd and laughable; but it is no laughing matter to the victim. Let us remember, however, that "lamentations awake not the dead," and whatever the cause be, whether amusing as that of the disappointed lover, or more serious, earnest and real, as the loss of reputation, friends or prosperity, we are all, to a greater or less extent, victims of "the blues," and should strive to keep off low spirits and an overpewering sadness, remembering that there are those who love us, and that this beautiful world is not all desolate.

### ICELAND.

When we look on the map of Europe and see the island of Iceland—a truly significant name—just outside of the Polar circle, we wonder that any people can be found willing to remain in so bleak and inclement a spot, when the earth offers so many friendly climates and fertile soils for human habitation.

Perhaps, in order to satisfy our curiosity, we open our books to see what hidden charm this island of ice possesses, that thus chains its inhabitants to its frigid side, but we find none. On the contrary, as if the danger of being frozen stiff was not sufficient, lecland Nordian may be in danger from Atma or Vesuvius, but he has a delightful climate, and a fraitful soil to console him while he is allowed to live. The Esquimanx are in continual peril of freezing and of starvation, but volcanoes and earthquakes strike no fear to their hearts. But Iceland combines all the disadvantages that can arise nes all the disadvantages that can arise om living on a globe of fluid fire and Po-And yet, we are told, its people to there, and grow home-sick when Fruly, human nature is a curious thankless burden?"

The book-keeper knew that his employer. Truly, human nature is a curious

thing, and great is the power of habit.

For three conturies levland was the abode
of a highly-cultivated people, who contrasted very favorably with the better classes. of continental Europe; and strange to say, they were especially fond of poetry, and their descendants are so to this day. They

their descendants are so to their descendants are so to thad a kind of independent republic are with a President, which lasted for three centuries—three times as long as ours has yet lasted. Only as the result of war, did the government pass into the hands of Norway, and then of Desmark.

But it is fair to say that the Iceland of lot times, centuries ago, was not so bleak old times, centuries ago, was not so bleak old times, centuries ago, was not so bleak love your wife?

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice; "you love your wife?

"Love her? Yes; passionately."

"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"And do you think she loves you in return?" But it is fair to say that the Iceland of old times, centurine ago, was not so blenk and inclement's place as it is now. At that time, when Greenland got its veplant nane, before the wall of the least settled along its coast, it is said that ecop would grow its Iceland. About the beginning of the fifteenth century the change in the climate began, and towards the close of that century, a pestilence carried off nearly two-thirds of the population. To add to these misfortunes, pirates decolated their coast, killing and burning, and carrying off the inhabitints to be soid as alaves. Even two continuies later we read of those piracies, the marauders being French. English and Algorithm. Then, in the eighteenth century,

there was another pastilence—the small-pox—which swept off 16,000 persons; and, to add to this, from the unusual inclemency of the winters for aix years, a fanine, in which 10,000 perished; then the small-pox again, with 10,000 more deaths; and in 1783 a most terrible volcanic eruption, with earthquake and streams of laws, showers of ashes and stones, with frightful noises, and a thick cloud of smake which enveloped sworthing for nearly a whole year. enick usoud of smoke which enveloped verything for nearly a whole year. And yet people kept on living in Ice-ied!

And yet people kept on living in Iceland!

The Icelanders are and were a moral and
virtuous as well as intelligent people.
They were Christians, ton, and pious, and
while we hardly one expect the laws of nature to be overruled in such cases, so that
volcanoes will not belch forth their subterranean fires, and north winds freeze; still
we do wonder that some good man was not
inspired to lead forth his people from a
bondage to the elements, which seems to us
worse than that of Egypt.

As to the pestilence, travelers say now
that warmth is the sole thing sought after in
an Icelander's dwelling, and that ventilation
is not even thought of, so that a fit atmosphere is prepared for the growth and spread
of virulent diseases. And the Icelanders,
even to this day, are not scientific. Poetry,
and the languages, and history, are their delight, and they have ample time for these,
in the long winter evenings, when little
work can be done. Perhaps it is these long
gvenings which cause the natives to love
Iceland.

When the moral conflict between Heathenism and the new religion, Christianity,
was raging in Iceland, about the year 1000,
the National Assembly met to consider the
matter. While the Assembly was in session, debating the proposition to establish
the realizing of Christi in piloce of that of

matier. While the Assembly was in session, debating the proposition to establish the religion of Christ in place of that of Odin, a messenger sprung into the room, announcing that fire had burst from the earth in the northern portion of the island, and was carrying destruction before its flaming wrath. "It is the vengesance of the efficient gods?" cried the party of Odin. But Snorro, the Christian leader, pointed to the marks of volcanic fire all around their place of meeting, and said, "What reason had your gods for anger when these rocks were burning?" This turned the scale again in favor of the Christians, the debate went on, and Christianity became the estab-

were turning? This turned the scale again in favor of the Christians, the debate went on, and Christianity became the established religion of Iceland.

One curious custom they have in this curious land of ice and volcanoes, which I do not remember to have read of in any other portion of the world: Every farmer or householder is obliged by law to receive and support his own destitute relations. The expense thus incurred amounts often to twenty or thirty times the sum of his public taxes, when he is sensitive as to receiving those relatives into his family. Even this custom, however, does not drive the Icelander from his native soil, which I think is about the strongest proof I have given yet of the love of country of this singular people. An Ice-land with volcanoes, earthquakes, and poor relations—surely Iceland may take the prise over all other countries for combining all the disadvantages?

### THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my

Thatner a neavy burden, isn't it, my boy ?"

(Liarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked towards the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and was book-keeper to Mr. Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty, who had stocken.

spoken.

A heavy burden, isn't it, Clarence?" the

A heavy bursten, isn't it, Clarence? The merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

"Mr. Wardie, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah, Clarence."

"I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your house for you this

morning."

Clarence nodded assent.

"And dish't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I have no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden."

as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had grown to a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; then another look, the voice rose higher; reason was unhoinged; passero gained sway; and being frozen stiff was not sufficient, Iceland adds to it the chances of being overwhelms with earthquakes, boried in lava, burnt up with volcame fires, and saided to death in vast springs of boiling water. All the dangers to which men are liable are concentrated in leciand, without any of the advantages which recompense the inhabitants of other portions of the earth. A Neapolitan or Sicilian may be in danger from Æina or sicilian may be in da love that lay smitten and aching deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only

in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remem-bered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house, and caught a sign of the storm. And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more the thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and he knew not how long his burden of unhap-ninger was to be borne.

thankless burden?"
The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and after a brief pause he answered:—"Yos, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"Now, mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly:—Dun't you think your wife is as sorry as you are?"

1 cannot doubt it."

"I cannot doubt it."
"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"
"Yem."
"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"
"Yes—I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor

Clarence looked upon his intersection wonderingly.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the son would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Mr. Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he murmured an affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there?"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Aye—you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smite. And why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And so you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed are to find your home shrouded in gloom.
And, furthermore, you don't know when
that gloom will depart, and when the blessed
sunshine of love will burst in again. And
dwy don't you know? Because it is not
now in your heart to sweep the cloud away.
You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long
as she can? Am I not right?'
Clarence did not answer in words.

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant; "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden. By-and-by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife fails first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keenest and most sensitive. The husband, in such case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers, until his wife is forced, so let the sunlight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He

breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, and he felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to his mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts; and after a time he arose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the satchen, and in the best-chamber, and had sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in

her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes—her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her; and he said to her, in broken accents, "Darling, I have come home to throw down the business." the burden I took away with me this morn It is greater than I can bear!"

ing. It is greater than I can bear."

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom, and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the whole burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.
"We will share it so evenly," said he.

all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," said ha,
"that its weight shall be felt no more. And
now, my darling, we will be happy?"

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eye, and in his joy-inspired face. It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of that downwardlen, the results of that downwardlen.

the events of that gloomy morning.
"Ah?" said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blossed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it

to me."

"And it serves you yet, my boy?"

"Aye; and it will serve us while we live.
We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come, as in the other daye—for we are but human, you know—but the heart, which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding-place to the ill-feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish: but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

REWARE!

BY M. R. S.

I mow a youth who can firt and finiter—
Take care!
We issue with the indice to gamip and chalter
Beware! beware!
Trust him not—
His to faming thos!

lib has a voice of varying tone— Take care

He letters are glowing with love, I ween-Ose-half that he writer he does not mean— Be ware! toware! Trust him not— He is fooling thee!

He talks of truth, and of deep devotion— Take care! Of loving truly be has no notion— Heware! beware! Trust him not— He is fooling thee!

Your heart he will gain with his dangerous wilse— Take care! Of his whispered words, and his sighs, and his amiles.

### NEW GARMENTS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

them.

One may wear the simple Quaker garb of gray, with the close bonnet shutting in the face too sweet to be subjected to the world's lace too sweet to be subjected to the world's rude stare; another may wear a simpler dress still, with patches here and there to tell of the hour of toil and weariness; at both we look with pleasure, because of the fairer fancies they bring us; of the brighter shought of new garments which never grow old.

One never looks with entire indifference at a group of little children. Each little face and form is a picture to be filled in by

at a group or intre chiefe. Face in the face and form is a picture to be filled in by imagination.

Their garments to-day are of every hue and shade; this merry girl, that laughing boy; this child that stands shy in the sunshine, that one that wakes the shadowy silence with a shout; faces cold and sullen, faces angry and passionate; eyes full of hope, eyes downcast with fear; faces like flowers that bloom in home gardens; faces that seem already to have lost the freshness of childhood and to have put on the mask of an older life; are not their garments of every color and tings to-day! But what new garments will they put on?

When to-morrow comes, when a new mouth comes in, when a year goes round, what new garments will these children wear? thoughts; and after a time he arose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be; and, with this thought, you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms round your wife's neck, and kissher, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden! I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Repulse me?"

"Repulse me?"

"Repulse me?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Or, do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear ashe would respect and setteem you law for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!"

Sarsh Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the bed-chamber, and

### TALK ABOUT HOME.

BY AUNT JANK.

After all, when one comes to think of it, there are not many homes. There are, of course, innumerable places which go by the name of homes, called so for a want of a better designation, or because everybody calls the place where he cats and sleeps "home," but when you come down to the real and sober fact, homes are compara-

real and sober fact, homes are compara-tively scarce.

A home is a refuge-place from the storms, the fret and worry of life. It is a place where the husband comes as to a sanctuary, where smiles and loving words answer his smiles and loving greetings. It is a place where the wife reigns in her benignity and grace; not, it may be, the grace of outward beauty or cultivation, but of true woman-hood, where she receives honor and lovehood, where she receives honor and love even as she gives them both. It is a place even as ane gives them both. It is a place where children are happier than anywhere else in the world, because there are the cheeriest words, the brightest looks and the kindest acts. Such are not the majority of homes as we find them. How does it happen that when you see a real home, a light pleasant and when

lieve you would be wholly charmed with the look of things. Possibly the first words of Mr. Smith are directed indefinitely, "What's all this noise about? I don't see why those children are always kicking up such a row." The said children take the hint and move out of the way, not thinking—for which they are pardonable—to say "Good evening" to their father. He soon "setties" them. The family sit down to the evening meal. Mr. Smith feels tired, and don't care to talk. The children have something to say, but they learnt long ago that "father" does not care to be bothered with their tales of school, nor to be asked questions about kites and balla. He has forgotten all he ever knew about them, or, indeed, that he ever knew about them, or, indeed, that he ever had them. They, sensibly enough, keep still. On the whole, they have, if not a bad, a very stupid time of it. The family is a company of animals, who feed, and leave when they have had enough.

If the children can get out, they go. Mr. Smith finds occasion to stroll out; or, if staying at home is his choice, he takes a newspaper to read, or dones over it, while Mrs. Smith keeps the children from quarrelling. They do not know precisely what to do with themselves; so they mope about, and are glad to go to bed, though they don't ventive against moths, may be made of the ventive against moths, may be made

BY LAURA SHARP.

In these gala days of the year, when the earth, like a matron renewing her youth at some fabied fountain, puts on fresh robes and decks herself in brighter color, we begin to think. Not always of last year's robe and mantle folded away in a drawer with bags of sweet scented stuffs, nor of that crown of womanly delights—a bonnet—which may perhaps be remodelled to suit the prevailing fashion; and always of the ouside adornments which look so fresh and pretty when the owner's face is fresh and pretty when the owner's face is fresh and pretty also; but of fairer robes and more beautiful garments which Dame Fashiqu cannot change to suit her own capricious taste.

There are new garments that we all look at with indifference, no matter how rare or costly the material; if the wearer's face be dull with disappointed vanity, or limbed with lines of haughtiness or of ill-will to he for evergrown with craftiness, or inlaid with mock modesty; what difference does it make to us what kind of garment she trails through the dust of the world's ways? But women with sweet faces, all aglow with modesty and kind thoughts, and tender impulses breaking through; with lofty desires shining on their white foreheads, where God seems to have set His scal; with virgin graces, like fair flowers, shedding their fragrance round and about them; at such faces we do care to look and at the garments which enfold them.

One may wear the simple Quaker garb of One of On

And then the words that are unspoken, the opportunities neglected which might be productive of so much good. How much evil we do when we might do good! How much reproach we bring upon ourselves by our inconsistencies! How little we practice what we preach! How little we do unto them what we would that they should do what we preach! How little we do unto others, what we would that they should do unto us! How selfish we are, and ready to listen to the promptings of self-interest! How we permit little jealousies and animosities to rankle in our heart, and pride, vain and impotent to fill it! How little of charity do we feel for an erring brother or sister, as if we never erred ourselves! How imperfect and incongruous are our lives! And yet we might make of life a most beautiful thing; but it must be our daily life that will do it.

"Little drope of water.

beautiful thing; but it must be our daily life that will do it.

"Little grain of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the pleasant lead."

So loving words and deeds of kindness, tender sympathies and gentle ministrations, constantly and daily expressed, will make our lives majestic.

Did you never see those that have seemed the very embodiment of goodness, in whose presence there was an attraction irresistible, magical? They have seemed to you like an oasis in a dreary desert-land, like green and fertile spots in a barren waste. You have sighed to be like them, as good and beautiful. You can be, if you will only make the endeavor; you can adorn your soul with such grace; you can make your life so attractive that you will carry with you, wherever you go, the charm most potent.

To many, daily life seems dull and prosaic; To many, daily life seems dull and prosaic; but there are passages in it of surpassing loveliness. Did you reply kindly, just now, when spoken harshly to? Did you receive that bitter upbraiding meekly and silently? It was a beautiful thing. Did you deny yourself that others might be made happier thereby? It was laying up treasures for the property of the property It was laying up treasures thereby? It heaven. Did you speak words of sympand hopeful cheer to that poor and despondent soul? God will remember and reward you. Did you lighten the burden of hard brother or sister? There shall have above pondent soul? God will remember and reward you. Did you lighten the burden of that weary brother or aister? There shall assistance come down to you from above when you are "weary and heavy laden."

Would that we treasured these opportunities of doing good, and prized them more highly, for they are jewels with which we may adorn our souls with richest grace—goblets from which we may quaff the delicious waters of happiness.

cious waters of happiness.

When you have striven earnestly felt at its close that the day had been striven earnestly, and

felt at its close that the day had been made better by these strivings; when you have overcome some mighty temptation; when you have accomplished something for the good of those around you, what a flood of happiness has filled your soul to overflowing! And in the still watches of the night, as we live over in thought the short-comings of the day, we promise, carnestly and with tears, that we will do differently.

Let us strive to live that our "life's little acts shall have no remoreful shadows hanging over them." Life will then have a new meaning for us; it will become a reality to us, for only as we grow nobler and better do we really live; only as the heart advances in that which is good do the spirit's chariot wheels move on towards the celestial city.

homes as we find them.

How does it happen that when you see a real home, a light pleasant spot where every one seems to be happy; where if husband and wife have misunderstandings, no one ever knows it; where children seem to be helpful of one another; where laughter and smiles are perpetual guests, why does it atrike one as pseculiar and noticeable? Simply because there are so few of them.

I will not ask you to think of your own home. Let us indulge in the luxury of talking about our neighbors. There is Mr. Senith's house. What are your ideas about his home? You see him go in at nightful hooking used up by the wear of the day, and whose chief delights is nail such things as if there had been west and tear all night. Did you ever see Smith's wife come to the door and stand watching him, and waving a smile to him as he went away?

Not exactly? Did you ever see Smith's boys run down the street to get hold of his hand? Possibly you have seen them suddenly disappear as he came in sight.

If you could step in with Mr. Smith, and he there an invisible presence, I don't be-There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is the kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right modification would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

who feed, and leave when they have had enough.

If the children can get out, they go. Mr. If the children can get out, they go. Mr. If the children can get out, they go. Mr. If the children can get out, they go. Mr. If the children can get out, they go. Mr. If the children can get out, they go. Mr. If the children can get out, they go. Mr. If the children from quartelling. They do not know precisely what to do with themselves; so they mope about, and are glad to go to bed, though they don't want to go, except to escape the dullness. Now, this is not a beautiful picture, but is it a very uncommon one? An honest confession would tell of more homes of that sort than of better ones. Are they read the children following ingredients: Take of cloves, carraway seeds, nutneg, mace, cinnamon, and to draw the content of the conten

THE coolest larceny on record recently took place in San Francisco. A young man from the country was riding in a street car, when a man next to him informed him that the back of his coat was dirty, and kindly offered to brush it off for him if he would take it off. He handed his coat to the accommodating man, and the latter coolly put it under his arm and left with it.

THERE ARE THE SECOND SECOND

put it under his arm and left with it.

THERE are three hundred different sects in England, and seven sprung up during the past year, viz.: the Congregational Temperance Free Church, the Hope Missions, the New Methodists, the Protestant Union, the Union Christians, the Unsectarians, and the Christian Dolphins. The last hold that none out of their society can be saved, and but few in it, and that there is no difference between their souls and that of animals.

THE Doomsday Book of Scotland, just

between their souls and that of animals.

THE Doomsday Book of Scotland, just presented to Parliament, shows that, within a fraction, half the whole extent of Scotland is held by one hundred land-owners, every one of whom owns more than 20,000 acres. There are fifty-two persons among these who own more than 50,000 acres each. The Duke of Sutherland stands at the head of the list, having a domain of 1,170,3-43 act. The area of their combined property greater than that of any county in Englar except Yorkshire and Lincolnshire.

except Yorkshire and Lincolnshire.

Now we know all about it. An enormously learned climatologist tells the world, in Galignani, how our incipient summer got nipped in the bud, thusly: "The chilliness is due to the fact that the earth passes behind a ring of asteroids, which absorb a portion of the sun's warmth due to us while it remains above the horrison. The temperature will not resume its ascensional movement until the annual rotation shall have carried our sphere from the shadow of the multitude of small planets which is always projected on the same point of our orb."

A medical correspondent of an English

projected on the same point of our orb."

A medical correspondent of an English journal says that the advantages of apparagus are not sufficiently estimated by those who suffer with rheumatism and gout. Slight cases of rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on this delicious esculent, and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient avoids all acids, whether in food or beverage. The Jerusalem artichoke has also a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. The heads may be eaten in the usual way, but tea made from the leaves of the stalk, and drank three or four times a day is a certain remedy, though not equally agreeable.

They have rather a grim joke on a mem-

though not equally agreeable.

They have rather a grim joke on a member of a foreign Pharmaceutical Society who, while preparing a lecture on edible and noxious fungi, swallowed a quantity of Giant Puff-ball, and in consequence was sick in bed nine days with three physicians to bring him through and thus unable to instruct the people as to what are and what are not proper mushrooms for consumption. He will probably be sure to tell them in his deferred talk that on the whole it is safer to let the Legopardon gigansism, or "devil's snuff-box" alone, unless he is pretty certain that its spores are not over-ripe.

New YORK city in the market for over

NEW YORK city is the market for over four hundred millions of hen's eggs annually which at the average of 18 cents per dozen amount to six million dollars. They come chiefly in barrels, from every Western State, chiefly in barrels, from every Western State, some of the Southern States and some from South America. A barrel contains 70 to 75 dozen, rye straw cut about haif an inch in length is the best packing and oat straw the worst. The "season" commences early in February and continues to June 1st, during which the packages are sold at the marked contents, but after that with loss off, which amounts to from 5 to 7 dozen on the average tor barrel. per barrel.

An amusing incident occurred on a train in New York State, recently. A newly-married couple entered the car and took a seat. The husband wanting to amoke, left his wife and went into the smoking car. The bride began to dose, and while she slept a stranger entered the car, and, as it was crowded, quietly took a seat beside the young wife. Shortly she began to nod, and doubtless imagining that her husband was still in the seat, gently reclined toward the stranger, and soon her head fondly nestled on her breast. At this juncture the husband returned. He stood in mute astonishment in the aisle until the lady awoke, and, realizing the situation, drew back in amazement, suffused with blushes. Stranger explained, husband was satisfied, and wife tried hard to appear unconcerned.

band was satisfied, and wife tried hard to appear unconcerned.

THE FISHING FROG.—Writers on natural history describe a hideous reptile known as the fishing frog, which angles for its game as experily and with as great success as the most adroit fiv fisher. He is a clumsy, askward swimmer, but nature has compensated him for his unwieldiness by furnishing him with an equivalent for a rod and line, with but always ready for use. Two elongated tentacles spring from his nose, which taper away like actual fishing-rods. To the end of them is attached by a slender filament, which serves the purpose of a line, a bait in the form of a shiny bit of membrane. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman down below, and in order to induce the fish to venture within reach of them, the angler stirs up the mod at the bottom with his fins and tail. This attracts the fish and concessla him from their observation. He then plies his rod; the glittering bait glows in the water like a living invect. The dased fish are taken in great numbers, perfectly circumvented by the

### THE PAIRY'S WHISPER.

She is pointing me to the fair Beyond, Whea Love shall come with his ginnes so fond, To shed his binesses around my life, And give to my arous a sweet, fair wife; When all my sourcings shall breaths of reese, When Hope and Joy in our home reposse—And this ar what she whitepers.

But life is not all of shine and bloom; Does she tell thee naught of the shadow and gle Does she point thee not to the darkened vales, Whore the spirit sinks and the rase-tim paint Whore serpents coil in the farm's soft breast.

Ah, no! but she tells me of One above, Whose arm is mighty, whose name is Love, Who will lead me on ward when citual arise, And when storms are darkening all the shies Who will hald my head on Ho loving hread, And give to my weary field He rest— And this is what the whispers!

### WHAT THEY SAW.

A PAIRY STORY POR LITTLE POLKS.

BY MYRTLE BLOSSOM.

The fairy godmother's house was very much like other houses, only that everything in it did itself, and cleared itself away; the beds made themselves, and turned you out at the right hour in the morning; and a pair of hands and an eye served as Margaret and Peter's nurse, and washed and hathed them as skilfully as mamma could have done. For their fairy godmother, she was just a pretty, brighteyed, little old lady; and every morning she gave each of them a rose which turned out to be full of toys, and new books, whenever it was shaken.

Of course, they were very happy, you think; but I am not quite sure about that. Suppose, when you sat down, you were a little afraid lest you should stick fast in the chair for a couple of hundred years? Suppose, when you went into the garden, you always had a lurking fear that you might find your fect taking root in the ground, and your head sprouting cabbage leaves? Suppose that when your fairy godmother took out her knitting, you had a creeping notion that the end of her thread was fastening itself to the end of your nose, and that she was going to knit you up? What is that, you say? Good little boy and girls need not be afraid of such things?

Very true, my dear; but this was not a good little boy and girl—which make a difference. Let me explain: Margaret and Peter had been sent to visit their fairy godmother, just because their mamma could do nothing with them either by preaching or punishment. It was all very well to say that Margaret looked like an angel, in her white skirts, and long, yellow hair. And strangers were sure to declare that Peter was the dearest little fellow; and the dearest little fellow ginched her, and tore her dolls, and would do all the driving when they played carriage, and all the talking when they played carriage, and all the talking when they played school, and all the building when they played school, and see them soon coming back in the shape of a silver fork and spoon as a present to mamma.

Now, you see why Margaret and Peter were at once fright And the second state of th

manner, that the fairy godmother came in haste.

"Take them away," sobbed the brother and sister, "and we will be good."

"Alas! my children," said the fairy, "I neither brought them, nor can I take them away. I have only given you the gift of seeing them. They are your creatures. Look, and see how full the air is of them! You have been creating them ever since you could talk. Every one of you human children is borne a prince or princess, and you create your own followers. If you are gentle and loving, angels will rise up around you; if angry and quarrelatine, you see what sort of creatures follow you. When you come to be men and women, your houses will be full of them or of an-

gels, and no one but yourselves can say which your company shall be."

Here was pleasant news! We are all in the same sort of company; but, then, we have not all of us an obliging fairy god-mother, who wilk kindly lend us spectacles to see them. If we had, some of us might be frightened, as were Peter and Margaret. Everywhere they went, those things were frisking about them. They were all sorts of ugilness, too. Peter struck Margaret, who was teasing his dog. Out stepped a scowling, black gnome, with his hand always lifted to strike, and always striking Peter's arm, whispering, "Strike her again."

Margaret slyly hid Peter's fishing-line, for revenge; and found herself attended by a sneaking little brownie, always winking meanly at her, and nodding at her to do something on the sly!

Peter said, when Margaret was very per-

something on the sly!

Peter said, when Margaret was very perfect in her lessons, "Oh, yes, you are like any other parrot; you can learn things by rote!"

Childhood is the mother's "accepted time" to teach her children. Her duty is with them and to them, and should not be shirked or avoided. Day by day the children are growing and expanding; and, if the food they crave is not given them by the mother, they will get it elsewhere, and will soon be away from her influence. Childhood's days, if they have been spent thus profitably, in time to come, will be to them as a well of living water, from which they will drink deep and be refreshed, though now it may almost seem like water poured on the ground, they seem so heedless of your advice and admonitions. How can they appear but indifferent? They know not the value of the teachings, they cannot know now; but the mother know, and cannot escape guilt if alse does not fortify them against coming responsibility and care by words of wisdom that In due time will ripen into golden sheaves, whether she lives to see it or not.

Whatever the shadow might have been which had arisen between Jasper Onslow and Muriel, it appeared to pass away when they had settled down into their new life. An evening or two after the memorable hall they had been alone together, and whatever had passed at the interview had appeared to clear away the shade.

Muriel's maid told in the housekeeper's room how her mistress had come upstairs weeping, and how she had guessed that her tears were for joy and not grief, for that she had murmured "Thank heaven!" many times with clasped hands and beaming eyes.

something on the sly!

Peter said, when Margaret was very perfect in her lessons, "Oh, yes, you are like any other parrot; you can learn things by sois!"

And he had the pleasure of adding to his train, at once, a sweering imp with green eyes, turning up his nose at all he saw.

Margaret made a face in return, and looking behind her, saw a new imp making, oh, such awful faces! and, whenever she icoked at him, Margaret felt herself.

And, oh he night! Imps followed, and the recom. Then Margaret and Peter new feet of all was the thought that their fairy god-mother did not make them. It was a puishers were so many more, for it is surprising the work they were diging; in the same that they were diging; and how she and so that they were diging; and how she red of all was the thought that their fairy god-mother did not make them. It was a puishers were so many more, for it is surprising the work they were diging; and how she and the same that they were dong, and in what company they were.

But this was not all.

The elves were always at work, always diging! Margaret and Peter wondered very much what they were diging; and at last Peter asked his fairy godmother.

"Have you noticed," asked the fairy, "why, ex," said Margaret, in the wery kind to each other? You feel sometimes coid and disagreeable between you. That is the gulf these elves are making. They have made it between thousand a for horders and sisters; and by-and-by they will make it so wide and deep that you a clock," and Peter, on hearing this, set up a dismal how!

"Har you can deep that you are a clock," and Peter on hearing this, set up a dismal how!

"Har you noticed," asked the fairy seems to see just exactly what we are doing."

"Why, ex," said Margaret in the were the form of the were yield to each other? You feel sometimes coid and disagreeable between the propers of the pr had murmured "Thank heaven?" many times with clasped hands and beaming eyes.

From that time Muriel became once more like her old self—gay, happy, unconscious of the evil that was coming to her through Duris Carlyon's fatal fascinations, and recognized as the most beautiful and fascinating woman in her circle.

Anthony Colliver, for the little old man who had visited Limohouse was in very deed the brother of the master of Marling Manor, made his way to London by the first train after he had obtained Jasper's address, and marveling much at the grandeur of its surroundings, was set down at Stafford House. He had been more than forty years away from England, and London and its ways were as strange to him as though he had been suddenly transplanted to the moon to make acquaintance with the inhabitants thereof.

He had no idea that the man to whom he had been directed was so wealthy, and

"You can have the key whenever I have proof that you are the person you describe your-elf to be. You will pardon my caution, I am sure; but I cannot believe my poor old friend is dead, and while there is the smallest hope of his being alive, I hold my-self the custodian of the Manor and its contents, which I fear will be somewhat damaged by damp and neglect by this time."

"My brother was wealthy, was he not?"

"Not that I know of. I could find no record of any money laid by, and I certainly found none in the old house. There is a good dead of property there of one sort and

good deal of property there of one sort and another, mostly his stock-in-trade, which was various, for he dealt in everything that was rare and curious."

room, and bade his valet go about new.

Anthony Colliver let not a moment pass before commencing his search. Far into the night he went whirling about in a hansom cab from one huge newsyaper office to another, handing in copies of an advertisement which was to appear in the morning's editions. He telegraphed to the principal provincial papers, and arranged for its transmission to the Continent before he retired to rest.

the Times the next morning asking for information about Jabes Colliver, and wondered.

"What's in the wind now?" he thought.

"Who wants that old fellow? Somebody with money evidently. One hundred pounds reward. There's more in that than meets the eye."

Lord Dantree read it at his club, with his friend, Mr. Levison, looking over his shoulder.

"Somebody's wanted particularly," he said, laughing. "I wonder if any one would offer one hundred pounds for me if I went a-missing. What do you think, Levison? Is any one in the world worth offering so much money for?"

But that young gentleman's only answer to his friend was a puzzled stare at the paper, and an ejaculation of—

"By Jove?"

"What's up?" asked his lordship.

"Why, that's the very man I was talking about the other night—the pediar or broker that wanted to sell my father your mother's brooch."

"The deuse it is?"

### CHAPTER XXXV.

"I will bring my credentials to you to morrow. Mr. Ondow." Anthony Colliver and, as he took his leava. "I shall leave no sione unitureed to find my brother. I have a strange presentiment on me that he has not been fairly dealt with."
"Good heavens! Whom do you suspect of wrong-doing?" I shall leave not wrong-doing?" "No one. It is just one of those persistent feelings that lay hold of a man sometimes. Living or dead, I mean te flad my brother."
"You shall have any help I can give, Japer Ondow mild, still looking at the table, the carpet, anywhere but at the ken face of his visitor, who presently took his departure.

The master of Stafford House was seen no more than tight. He shut himself into his room, and bade his valet go shout his businese.

Anthony Colliver let not a moment pass before commencing his search. Far into the night he went whirding about his abance of more than players, and arranged for its transmission to the Continent before he retired to rest.

Evidently money was no object, for he must have spent a little fortune in those for hours. But he was a determined man, and never drew back when he had made up his mind to do anything.

"I'll find him if he's above ground," he said, "or run him to earth in his grave if he isn't. Those fellows at Limehouse told ne all they knew—I could read the truth in their blundering faces; but she other didn't. Why should my name frights the mean of the follow? Sonebard him of the file in London, occupying an obscure when I see the inside of my brother's house, Mr. Ondow."

Ernest Dormer read an advertisement him Three the next morning asking for information about Jakes Colliver, and wondered.

"What's in the wind now?" he thought. Why a was that old fellow? Sonebard him the fired, Mr. Levison, looking over his shoulder.

Lord Dantree read it at his club, with his friend, Mr. Levison, looking over his houlder.

Lord Dantree read it at his club, with his friend, Mr. Levison, looking over his shoulder.

gether.
"Any success, Mr. Colliver?" the latter asked.

gether.

"Any success, Mr. Colliver?" the latter asked.

Jasper rarely started the subject of the hold man's search for his brother, though he never avoided it.

"No," he replied. "No one seems able to tell me what has become of my brother, though I have had a letter from France, Mr. Onslow, addressed to me at my lawyer's, which seems to offer some slight clue. I fancy, after all, he must have gone there." Indeed? Jasper said. "May I ask where your news is from?"

"I have the letter in my pocket," he replied. "You can see it if you like."

Jasper Onslow felt that the keen eyes of Anthony Colliver were regarding him with carnest acrutiny while he read the letter, which was written in excrable English, and in a curious, cramped hand. The writer was the old Paris shopkceper who, seeing repeated advertisements for Jabez Colliver, had resolved to write to the advertiser and tell the story of the note. He set forth that he had known the said Jabes, and had dealings with him for many years; that much money had passed between them, and that he knew his old friend to be specially punctilious about the endorsing and registering of notes. Then he stated that a note which had been paid by him to Jabes Colliver not more than a year before had come back to him through other hands unendorsed. He said he had written to the person who had paid him the note, and enclosed his reply, and suggested that Mr. Colliver should make inquiries at the place himself.

"And where is it?" asked Jasper, while Ernest Dormer listened with eager attention.

"In Languedoc."

Evidently a tall, dark looking man, standing behind them, whose face Jasper felt sure he had seen somewhere, but where he could not tell. He was looking at the carriages as they passed with rather a wild stare. He was decently dressed, and his hair was very Take beed, we are passenate, our milk of loss.

Doth turn to wormwood, and that's butter drinking.

Midwan, trouble.

The did not look at all an old man, but rather like one whose hair had been bleached by sickness or trouble.

Anthony Colliver was decidedly a nuisance to Jasper Onslow. He was referred to that some one, real or imaginary, in the passing gentleman's lawyers, who treated him with throng, and spoke again—

"Teresa Sclavoni," he said again. "The time is coming now swiftly and surely; there will be no escape this time—none?"
"Ho's smad, I think," said Jasper.
"Mad or sone, I am going to watch him, "Ernest said. "I must hear more."
"Then I will say good-bye. I see Muriel and her ponies, ain't they?"
"The best in the drive, I think. Her Grace of Portarlington says she shall never rest till she gets them, for they are the best matched pair in London."
"Her grace is very importinent, and will have to go without rest for a long time, I am afraid. Muriel will mot part with Prisk and Rough for anything she can offer. Good day, Dormer. Your queser looking friend is moving away, I see."
He stepped into the low, prettily appointed carriage which Muriel stopped at a sign from him, and Ernest followed the man whose words had so interested him. There was a cloud on Muriel's pretty face as her husband seated himself beside her, and a saspicious brightness in her eyes.
"What is the matter, my darling?" he asked, taking the ruins from her hands, as the ponies showed a disposition to have toe much of their own way.
"Nothing," she answered, shortly.
"Yes there is. I can see it in your face, Muriel. What troubles you?"
"Nothing but the fact that I'm a fool; that's all, Jasper."
"In what, love?"
"Worrying myself."
"What about?"
"Doris Carlyon!"

"Nothing but the fact that I'm a fool; that's all, Jasper,"
"In what, love?"
"Worrying myself."
"Doris Carlyon."
"Doris Carlyon."
"Doris Carlyon."
"Doris Carlyon."
"Boris Carlyon."
"Boris Carlyon."
"Hude! Oh, no; she is serupulously polite—offensively so, I think."
"Then what worries you about her?"
"I can't tell you, Jasper—the very idea is too shameful. And yet—Jasper, tell ma, do you love her still?"
"I cave her, Muriel! What are you thinking of."
"Of what I have heard—only whispere and hints, mind, but enough to madden me. I have heard that when you are so often out, 'tis not at your club you may be found, but in that luxurious cuttage of hers—that you spend more time in her society than you do in mine,—bah! I cannot speak of it! Why did you come up to me now when all this horror was fresh upon me?"
"I don't know who has been putting this nonsense. Who told you all this f"
"No one said it to me, but I heard it openly discussed not tem minutes since while I sat in a block yonder. Two women were using your name freely and loudly enough as they sat in their carriage by mina. Of ourse they did not know who I was, or even their insolence would have been silent, I think."
"My dear Muriel, you are making a tremendous fuss about nothing. I cannot help what people choose to say."
"But you have been to her house. You have had such stolen meetings with the woman who ruined you."

"I have seen Miss Carlyon, certainly, but have made no secret of my visits to her:

have had such stolen meetings with the woman who ruined you."

"I have seen Miss Carlyon, certainly, but
I have made no secret of my visits to her;
it is not a deadly sin, surely, to visits friend
of my wife's."

"It is death to me," said Muriel, passionately. "You shall not go thern, Jasper!—
You shall not see her—you belong to me and
I have a right to say it."

"My dear girl, you have a right to say
what you like; but for heaven's sake don't
get excited, and make a scene here. See,
those people are looking at us. Don't be
foolish, and attempt to say 'shall not' to
me. It would be the very way to drive me
to do the thing you forbid with such vehemence."

mence."

"Don't jest on such a subject, Jasper, you will drive me mad. It chokes me to think of it. I'd rather see you deed at my feet than think you had any love for that wicked, with the control of t

of it. I'd rather see you dead at my feet than think you had any love for that wicked, wicked woman."

"Not so wicked a you fancy, perhaps, my dear."

"She is wicked, Jasper—she must be—to suffer you, another woman's husband, to haunt her with admiration and flattery. I would rather know you were buried in the deepest grave that could be dug than think of you at her feet. I tell you the worms of the churchyard would have purer kisses for you than her polluted lips."

"Muriel, my dear, I think you are going and, i'he said, gently, though her words had set every nerve quivering. "Take the relina and drive home, there a a good girl, and we'll talk of this tomorrow. You must not take all the gossip you hear for the truth."

"If it is truth, Jasper, take care. I love you so that the hate my love would turn to if I thought you loved her would be something terrible. I could not hate you long. Jasper. I should kill myself or you?"

"My dear girl, drop it till we get home, and then you shall tell me exactly what you heard, who said it, and all about it, and I will tell you how much of it is true. I

heard, who said it, and all about it, and heard, who said it, and all about it, and I will tell you how much of it is true. I don't intend to give up my association with Miss Carlyon for any idle gossip. I credited you with more sense than to listen to it."

"I could not help listening, Jasper. Ah! don't be angry with me, dear. I couldn't

don't be angry with me, dear. I couldn't bear to think of you and that woman to-"Here come 'that woman' and her aunt, my dear. Don't let them see there is anything the matter."

anything the matter"

And Muriel did not let them see, but greeted the two ladies with a bow and a

smile of the utmost sweetness, though Do-ris detected the trouble in her eyes, and made her own comments thereon "Some one has been enlightening her,"
she thought, "and she's jealous. I saw it
in her face. So the icids is thawed at last,
is it. Her idol will come down off his pedestal now. I wonder how she'll punish him

(To be continued in our nest.)

BORROWED TROUBLE.-Half the misery BORROWED TROUBLE—Half the misery of mankind is borrowed misery. For in-stance, our neighbor's child is taken ill with meades. Immediately, one begins to con-jure up frightful visions about one's own children, when, very likely, they will escape the contagion altogether, or get through it the contagion altogether, or get through it very lightly. Or, we are taken ill ourselves, liminediately we aggravate every symptom, and hanish possible sleep by computing the probable loss to our business if "laid op," and indulging in fears that we may not re-cover at all—forgetting those golden words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

ADVICE. - He loval to the nature you bear as they passed with rather a wild stare. He was decently dressed, and his hair was very gray, almost white, contrasting oddly with a jet black moustache. He did not look at all an old man but eather like one what ity, and the angel will sweetly smile upon you, and you will be happy, both in this life and that which is beyond the grave. If you will be happy, you must do all within your power to bless others. By making others happy, you fill your own lives with sunshine and happiness.

von temporarily insense.

You see when the grand looking gentleman engaged the rooms he stated that his wife was laboring under a temporary fit of insenity which only manifested itself in untiring efforts to seeme from his protection tring efforts to seeme from his protection. insanity which only maintened their in in-tiring efforts to escape from his protection. He said, also, that the physicians not only recummended constant change of seems, but protested against anything like the guardi-anship of a hurse or companion, and that he was consequently, forced to travel alone was consequently, forced to travel and depend upon the services of those about

Well, as it happened, the suite of rooms Wall, as it happened, the suite of rooms he chose was my especial cherge, and, according to orders previously received, I was there busying myself with some triffing duty when Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue entered.

He did not use absolute force in bringing her in—I think she was no proud to subject herself to that—but one could easily see he was mustering her will.

I was standing near the door at the instant, and as the caught sight of me she

stant, and as she caught sight of me she fixed her great, soft eyes upon my face and scanned it with eager intensity, a pitiful appeal in their splendid depth which made

Mr. Fartescue led her to a luxurious chair before the grate. As she scated her-self be bent tenderly over her and said:

"Dearest, I.—She did not permit him to finish the centence. Springing from her chair she waved him off with angry disgust.

"Back, wretch! back!" she cried, the red blood rushing in a flaming torrent to her checks. 'How dare you lean over me so! Will you never cease this villainous acting? (for on and leave me in peace.") Go! go and leave me in peace!"

With a deep sigh he turned silently away and moved toward the door, indicating

slight gesture a wish that I should fol-him. As the door closed behind me he

"You see how it is with her. Guard her carefully, but with as little appearance of restraint as possible. Spare mether later nor attention and you shall be handsomely paid. I pressure the whole suite has been

paid. I presume the whole suite has been made secure according to my directions?" "Quite sir," I sunwered pityingly, he seemed so broken heartest.

"Very good. If she speaks of me tell her I will not intrude upon her again until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, when we resume our journey. She will doubtless tell you the wide story she does others, poor dove?" he sighed wearily. With a last earnest charge he turned away; but instantly wheeling about he added, "I wish you would continue to remain with her as much wheeling about he added, "I wish you would continue to remain with her as much as possible—all night, indeed, if you can. Still, if she insists upon dismissing you, humor her, only be careful to secure the door. I shall, however, be constantly on the alert

namy event."

When I re-emiered the room Mrs. Fortenwhen I re-emiered the room Mrs. Fortenread claval glass. She had flung off her
rraps, and appeared to be studying her
cautiful face with strange interest.

"Come hither," she commanded in her
week queenly way, looking at me in the
lass as I tooked the door and deposited the
ey in my pecket.

"If you could only be sick!" when I re-entered the room Mrs. Porten-ue was standing under the gas before the reat chewal glass. She had flung off her rraps, and appeared to be studying her essatiul face with strange interest. "Come hither," she commanded in her

sweet, queenly way, looking at me in the glass as I looked the door and deposited the key in my nocket.

Lamingly obeyed her. She turned from "My own cut the glass, and taking my face between her two white, jeweled hands again scanned it with the keen, pitiful gaze she had first be- a physician L pouder.

"You have the countenance of a good, brave, intelligent girl, "she nurmured gently as she removed the dainty, velvety pains from my flushing cheeks. "You are intately a lady, and the impress will be upon all your thoughts and deeds. What is your name?" "I left the room, and locked the door, with

Nannie Hoyt, ma'am." Now look at me. Do you find one mark insanity stamped upon the face yonder if man unfortunately esteems so transcendently beautiful!

"Not one, Mrs. Fortescue," I declared extrustly.

In a moment her eyes blazed.

"Never," she crised proudly and commandingly, she crised proudly and commandingly, she crised proudly and combinatingly, she crised proudly and combinatingly, she crised proudly and combinatingly, she crised proudly and combinated proudly she believe me mad "she tearfully plouded classying her hands in an agony of entresty." It is noted in a most I is unclessed in me to attempt to convince my equals that I am a wronged woman. They treat my words as the ravings of a binatic, and I injure instead of promoting my cause. Then he my friend, Nannie, for I am sorrely in med of one;"

"I am your friend, dear lady," I answered with thisming eyes.

"Yes, I know," she nighed despairingly, "the friend of an insune woman?"

"And that was what?"

"and that was what?"

"And that was what?"

I raised my eyebrows in simulated surprise.

LOVE AND HOPE.

The street was a primary income and primary income. And advanced to the state of health of the state of the state of health of the state of the s

ask me to commit an evil."

"Never' never! Oh! may the blossed Virgin protect and comfort you forever, Namie!" she sobbed, casting her arms about me in a tunult of joy. "But bark! What is that?" she whispersel, starting back and turning an anxious glance toward the door communicating with the next room.

"Only the wind," I smiled. "But I will go in and see. The room belongs to the suite Mr. Fortes. Our engaged a week ago."
"A week ago!" she echoed.

"Yes wa'am. And you were expected this evening. Mr. Our took the whole suite on a count of the rooms communicating."

this evening. Mr. Orr took the whole suite on a count of the reems communicating." "The villain! The base villain!" she murmured, returning to her seat before the fire as I proceeded to reconnective the next

fire as I proceeded to reconnoitre the next room.

"There is no one about," I presently reported. "Mr. Fortescue—Orr, I mean—is probably taking his toa. But he will not intrude upon you again to-night. He bade me tell you so. I will, however, slide the bolt, and then you will feel quite safe, as this is the end of the suite. And now, dear lady," I continued, approaching her, "I will ring for refreshments."

"Not till I tell you what I wish you to de, Nannie. We have no time to loss."

"Dear lady," I objected respectfully, "we must take care not to excite suspicion. A longer conference might do so. Mr. Orr, will, my doubt, be incoseantly on the watch."

"You are right," she answered affrightedly. "King at once."

At the command, I took the waiter, and, dismissing the man, served her myself. She scarcely touched the delicacies Mr. Fortescue had sent up, and soon pushed the tray aside.

be quick. First, I want a telegram sent to my husband, Mr. Ellison Trevaine. Unless your mind?"

"I'll not forget a word," I confidently

declared.
"The saints forbid you should," she ex-claimed tearfully. "Then say this: 'Ines is in deadly peril; come. Inquire at the House for Nannis Hoyt. Answer at once, addressing the same."
She made me repeat it several times, with Mr. Trevaine's address, and then bidding me wait for a reply, placed a gold coin in

"My own thought?" she exclaimed. "Is there not something I could take without in-jury? The villain would be afraid to call

pondered a moment.

cried. "Now go."

I left the room, and locked the door, with many grave doubts.

"She appears to be same enough," I thought, anxiously; "but who knows?

They are awfally comning creatures. But surely no harm can come of all this, if anything does." "Now look at me.

Insanity stamped upon the face yonder ril man unfortunately esteems so transpedently beautiful."

She waited for my answer, and I was glad was in my power to humor her truthfully.

"Not one, Mrs. Furtescue," I declared into the hall.

"Ah." he exclaimed, "I thought I head to the suite engaged by Mr. Fortescue opened, and the gentleman himself stepped into the hall.

"the friend of an insume woman"

She gamed dreamily at me for a brief space and then abenytly resumed: "Namie, I have energily a friend in all this broad land. It is but a short time since my husband transplanted me from my beautiful Southern home to this strange country."

She must have seen in my face that I

awakened by a slight sound in the next room.

"It is Mr. Fortescue," I thought. "I dare say lig's been prowling about that door all night, and who knows? Maybe he's concluded to start at an earlier hour."

I was on my feet in an instant. Then, with a gestle touch and whispered word, I awakened my sweet lady. She opened her glorious eves full on my face with all the bewildered innocence of a child.

"Dear lady," I whispered, "it is time for you to take the drug. But you must let me jut you to bed first."

In an instant the tide of memory rushed

put you to bed first."
In an instant the tide of memory rushed back, and she sprung to her feet. I lifted a warning finger toward the next room whispering, "Don't make a noise. If he finds we are astir he may take it into his head to go off at once. He is moving about there."

there."

She glanced affrightedly at the door, and whispered in trembling anxiety,

"The telegram, Nannie—did you get an

"The telegram, Nannie—did you get an answer?"

"Here it is—he is coming, Mrs. Tpevaine" I answered joyfully.

She read and re-read the welcome words, kissing them rapturously till I again reminded her of the still threatening danger. My fear was prophetic, An hour later Mr. Fortescue tapped lightly at the communicating door, and said just what I had been anticipating. I shook my head gravely.

"Mrs. Fortescue is very sick, sir."

"Sick!" he repeated in dismay. Then, as if impelled by a sudden suspicion he said firmly, "I must see her."

And thrusting me aside he strode into the room and over to the couch before I could utter a remonstrance. But I had anticipated this very movement and was consequently prepared.

One glance at the beautiful, ghastly face lying against the pillows was sufficient proof of the truth of my statement. He bent anxiously over her with a tender inquiry.

"She is too ill to reply, sir," I said as she hay silent and motionless before him.

He turned away, a deep anxiety shadowing his handsome features. Obeying his silent command I followed him into the next room.

"Do you consider her in danger." he ab-

"Do you consider her in danger?" he ab-

"Not at all, sir. I am used to sickness, and think she will be as well as ever in the course of two or three days."

He looked relieved at my reply, but asked with a certain anxiety:
"And how soon do you think she will be able to travel?"
"I can't say positive y of course, sir: but

able to travel?"
"I can't say positive'y, of course, sir; but I should think by to-morrow, possibly." I replied hesitatingly.

replied hesitatingly.
"Not by evening then?"
"Perhaps: if the sickness goes off. But it would be sheer cruelty unless some urgent necessity exists. She is as weak as a baby."
My tones being expressive of a degree of surprise at such a proposition he explained, hastily.

wish to join a party of friends about to go South, and a triffing delay may deprive her of the cheerful companionship 1 desire to wide '

provide."
It seemed plausible enough; but it almost distracted me to know which of the two I should believe, though I had fully resolved to serve the sweet lady. He looked thoughtfully at the floor for a moment, and then asked, as I fancied, reluctantly:
"I loss she require the services of a physician?"

"I have she require the services of a physician?"

"La! no, sir," I exclaimed. "She's tired and worried, and a good deal out of order; but there's nothing serious. I have seen a heap of tilness as I told you at first."

"Then I shall intrust her to your care," he answered with evident relief.

And with that he dismissed me. He did not again effect the chamber; but at frequent intervals tapped at the door for tidings of her condition. Toward dusk I reported her so much improved that he told me he would go out for a stroll, as he had confined himself closely to the house during the day. I hailed this decision with secret delight. An indefinable dread of Mr. Trevaine's arrival had taken possession of me, and I was almost as nervous and anxious as my beautiful patient who, pale and haggard, sat in an easy chair counting off the slow minutes. As if by magic my strange forebodings vanished with his retreating step. He had been gone about an hour when a waiter tapped at the door. I went out to him.

"There's a gentleman to see you, Nannie. He's waiting in the lower hall."

Suspecting who it was I said:

"Mr. Fortescue is out, and I can't leave the lady alone just now. Show him up herei fyou please, Jim. I'll be out again in a minute," I concluded as I re-entered the room.

A mute, eager inquiry flashed from the

the inserable wretch lying dead across the doowway.

Nannie paused and shudderingly covered her eyes with her hand.

"And the poor lady!—was she killed?" I directly whispered.

"No, thanks to the Almighty Protector?" fervently answered Nannie as she uncovered her eyes and brushed away a tenr. "The bullet merely grassed her shoulder, and then buried itself in the opposite wall.

"Both she and Mr. Trevain still live, the happiest of the happy, though now well on in years; and it is to them John and I are indebted for this beautiful little home of ours."

ith:

Mrs. Fortescue is not aware of it; but I had to join a party of friends about to go th, and a triffing delay may deprive her the cheerful companionship I desire to vide.

It seemed plausible enough; but it almost tracted me to know which of the two I ald believe, though I had fully resolved serve the sweet lady. He looked thought; at the floor for a moment, and then ied, as I fancied, reluctantly:

I have she require the service of a physman?

I have seen a did on to forder; there's nothing serious. I have seen a pof illness as I told you at first.

Then I shall intrust her to your care,

Then I shall intrust her to your care,

Ho will be the complete on the method of the complete on the service of a physman shall intrust the services of a physman shall intrust the toyour care,

Then I shall intrust her to your care,

Ho will be the completious enough by their silvery whiteness.

Now, it came to pass that King Alphonso had spent a sleepless nights of kings, the only true reserved of which was to rise early, and to go to an early devotion to some out-of-the-semingtes. Thus King Alphonso, only attended by one faithful servant, wended his away to the very church where our loving couple were to be united, "for better, for yours," that morning. His Majesty was attracted—kings are mortals—by the beauty of the fair Pepita, when she left he church, the true had been a subject to the many true for the service of a physman.

and worried, and a good deal cust ordered, but there's nothing serious. I have seen a beyon'd those as I taily out at frequent the serious of the serious and the serious at first. The distinguished the serious at first. The distinguished the serious at first, and the serious and the serious at first. The distinguished the serious at first. The serious at first. The serious at first. The distinguished the serious with the serious at first. The serious at first. The serious at first the serious at first. The serious at first the serious at first the serious at first the serious attentions. The serious attention and an at some a substant of the serious attentions. The serious attention at the serious attentions. The serious attention at the serious attentions at the serious attentions. The serious attention at the serious attention at the serious attentions. The serious attention at the serious attentions at the serious attentions. The serious attention attention at the serious attentions at the serious attentions. The serious attention at the serious attentions at the serious attentions. The serious attention attention at the serious attentions at the serious attentions. The serious attentions at the serious attentions. The

### JACOMO, THE THIEF.

THY J. A. A.

For execute 1 Best changement in the room and carcus in the same of the bark Plying Eagle, and turned on his idea and turned idealy to ward as me and extra idea and the captain in the sound of the incised upon fortunate in the sound in the sound of another step containg rapidly along the hall.

It was fix, Forteeves. Attracted by the murmur of voices and the open door he came with a muttered "All is lost," when Mr. Trevaine suprus willed; to the room, every feature quivering with excitement.

His eye had barely taken in the scene with a muttered "All is lost," when Mr. Trevaine caught sight to fine.

"Aroudd! You here too!" he exclaimed to exclusive for answerment, and would always the his policy or capital in the article your required. I need to do his must when he of the public were in the article your required. I need to do his bunk to be always did without being the him to seed brandy, angar, and each of his public when he always did without being the turned with the excitement.

His week here for the remaining and the captain had said to him. Jacomo, go and bring me the old manifest and the sound of another step contained to the public exception."

To be a subject to the sound we week a series of the bark Egyther, in an addition to see all the sound to the subject to the subject to the subject to the

in pleased surprise. "Did they telegraph."

It is words were arrested. With a low shriek Mrs. Trevains sprung wildly toward the intruder.

"My hasband: Don't! Don't! she cried, in sharp, anguished tones.

But before she could reach him the hand which she had observed him thrust into his bosom was withdrawn.

"You shalf go with me!" he exclaimed with a ghastly, evil smile, quickly turning the point of the deadly weapon he held full upon her.

The next instant two successive reports rang sharply through the room, and Mr. Trevaine, bending in speechless agony over the inanimate form of his wife, never heeded the miserable wretch lying dead across the doorway.

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"And the poor lady:—was she killed";

"And the poor lady:—was she killed";

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forvently answered Namie as she uncovered her eyes and broshed away a tear. "The builts merely grassed her shoulder, and then being the eyes and broshed away a tear. "The builts merely grassed her shoulder, and then the builts merely grassed her shoulder, and then the opposite wall.

"Both she sand Mr. Trevain still live, the find happiest of the happy, though now well on in years; and it is to thom John and lare indebted for this beautiful little home of ours."

THE BRIDE'S ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

The custom, not to say fashion, of wearing frange blossom as a bride, came originally row Spain. Our information of why the range blossom was far worn in Spain as a rivil members is rather legendary; but we will venture to tell it here.

The first orange tree had been sent to a King of Spain on a Mplonoso, as a great rativ; and the king was so charmed with the firstance of its silvery blossoms, and to less with fits golden fruit, that he ordered it to be kept as a real regal treasure. A lad should be the same of the street is the was also forbidden to appropriate any of its lossoms, fruit, or cuttings to himself; and his penalty would have been death tisted, if he had disobeyed the royal command.

In due time, several young trees rejoiced to the heart of the king, but also that of the gardener's son, a young fellow deeply in row with a certain dark-eyed Pepita. The only obstacle of this love was—as so do not have a regular Court gowly, and the right way of obtaining a tree. This was been death time, several young trees rejoiced the leart of the king, but also that of the gardener's son, a young fellow deeply in row with a certain dark-eyed Pepita. The only obstacle of this love was—as so did not be sought separately before him, and sweap with the fragrating transparent of the single of the market of the king, but also that of the gardener's son,

stream. After the deed was committed we were terrified at what we had done, and agreed to bury the money and watch in the guano till all search was over. So we dug a hole by a beam near the main-hatch, in which we put the stolen goods.

"And this ended the man's confession, The Chinese magistrates, on being acquainted with the particulars of the transactions, ordered the three murderers to be hung. The remainder of the crew were set free. But a difficulty now arose; no one could be found to hang the culprits, and I suppose they would have been unhanged yet if the Frenchman had not very generously voluntered to execute the other two prisoners, provided his own life should be spared. This was agreed to, and two of the villains were put to death, while the other was allowed to go about his business.

in which they were confirmed. He matter should be looked into next morning, and turned on his side and went to steep. Morning came, and at the breakfast-table the captain, after remaining some time in thought, suddenly said to the mate: 'Mr. Smith, do you know anything about the money that young Chinaman stole from me?"

"I, sir? exclaimed the mate, in evident surprise. 'No, sir, I do not.'
"I have reason to think you do, sir.'
"I cannot see why you should doubt my word when I tell you I do not,' replied Mr. Smith, somewhat agitated.

"Will you allow your trunk to be searched, sir?"

"I would willingly, sir, but I have unfortunately lost my key, and cannot get at it myself,' growing pale all the while.
"How long has it been lost, sir?"
"I have not had it, sir, there two weeks,"
"The trunk will have to be forced, them.'
"Very well, sir,' replied the mate, rising from the table, and moving towards the room." I request your presence here, air, until

said, coldly.

"Mr. Smith sneaked to a seat, and the search commenced. After a few minutes' absence in the mate's room, the captain returned with the gold pieces in one hand and the watch in the other.

"These we found in your trunk, sir,' said he, sternly; 'and let me tell you, I have no further occasion for your services.'

"The mate was thunderstruck. He could not say a word. Half an hour after he was standing on the shore with the unlucky trunk beside him, and a short time after he disappeared and was seen no more by the crew of the Stampede.

"I think I forgot to mention that the search for the money did not commence till' the morning after the information had been given, thus leaving a night which the mate, who was acquainted with the facts, had improved by digging up the money and hiding it in his trunk; and but for the timely discovery of his crime he might have kept the money at them become and them beauth the facts.

it in his trunk; and but for the timely dis-covery of his crime he might have kept the money and none been the wiser.

"His dismissal left vacant the position of first mate, to which the second was pro-moted, while I stepped quietly into the place of the latter. So you see the double theft did not turn out so badly for me, after all though had enough for its paymetrature. all, though bad enough for its perpetrators. But hark! there go eight bells, and I must

### A CHAPTER ON GHOSTS.

Our reading has told us that the ancients were great believers in ghosts. They even went so far as to say that every man had three, which after death were all separately and differently disposed of. The first descended to the infernal regions; the second ascended to the skies; and the third howered about the tonth, having a preference for things terrestrial, and being unable to sever its old connections. This theory, which we do not for a moment adopt, has done more to lessen our respect for the erudition of the ancients on this one subject than anything clse we know of.

cle we know of.

Those who profess to be learned in matters connected with ghosts affirm that they do not make their appearance without some good and special reason for so doing; such as the discovery of a murder, for instance,

as the discovery of a murder, for instance, or to effect the restoration of property to its rightful owners when withheld fraudulently from them. This is a serious mistaka. It depends entirely upon the character the dead person bore while living, his habits, etc. Sometimes, it is said, their object in revisiting the world is to inform their heir in what secret drawer of some old cabinet, or in what trunk, maybe, they had hidden the title-deeds of the estate, or in what precise spot money and plate had been buried. Now, if there be any errand concerning which we should be more than pleased to have a ghost visit us, it is this identical one.

We will now state a few of the popular We will now state a new of the popular beliefs relative to ghosts. Their usual time for appearing is midnight; this is undoubt-edly correct. No ghosts can appear on Christmas Eve—this is also true; in proof of it, see the tragedy of "Hamlet," wherein says Marcellus:

"It faded on the crowing of the cock,
Some any that ever 'gainst that seeson comes
Wherein our faviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singer all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit darse stir abread:
The night are wholesome: then no planets str
No fairy takes, nor witch bath power to charm,
to hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Persons born on Cheinten. Persons born on Christmas Eve cannot

Persons born on Christmae Eve cannot see spirits.

Ghosts commonly appear in the same dress they usually wore while living. This is reliable. It is seldom they are seen robed ontirely in white. The latter is the conventional church-yard plost, for whom no well-read person entertains respect. It is also a fact that if there is a lighted candle in a room, and a ghost makes its appearance, the flame will burn extremely blue. More particularly is this the case if the ghost, during its lifetime, was much given to profanity. The female ghost is much more loquacious than the nale; this requires no corroboration. It is a fact universally accepted among the learned. Dogs are said to be very quick to perceive ghosts. If you are troubled by the importunities of a spirit, address it in the Latin tongue; it never fails to strike them with terror. If you are unacquainted with the language, come as near to it as you can. Ghosts have an innate horror of being confined in the Red Sea. All these peculiarities are too well known to require proof. Ghosts never carry tapers; they never drag chains, except some of those who, while living, existed under a despotism; they do not wear black vestments, although, in the quaint old ballad of "William and Margaret," occurs this couplet:

"And clay cold was her lity hand

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

| April 1997 | Property of the pro

Another version of the oyster story is to the effect that the man who ate the first bi-valve was compelled to do so for a punish-ment.

Ever time the apocryphal period of this legend man have gone on eating opsters. Poets, princas, pontifis, orators, sistemen, and wits have gluttonised over the ovicerbeds. Oysters were at one time, it is true, in danger of being forgotten. From the fourth century so about the fifteenth they were not much in use; but from that date to the present fine the demand has never slackened. Going back to the times which we now regard as chassic, we find that Vitellius ate ovicers all day long, and some people insinuate that, he could est as many as a thousand at one sitting—a happiness too great for belief. Callisthenes, the philosopher of Olympus, was also a passionate oyster-eater; and so was Caligula, the Roman tyrant. The wise Seneca dallied over his few hundreds every week, and the great Cicero nourished his eloquence with the dainty. The Latin poets sang the praises of the oyster, and the fast men of ancient Rome enjoyed the poetry during their carouse. Ever since the apocryphal period of this

into the old man's spring, what ought to be done?"

"Sue him, sir—sue him, by all means?"
said the lawyer, who always became axcited in proportion to the aggravation of his client's wrongs. "You can recover heavy damages, sir. Just give me the case, and I'll get the money from him; and if he hasn't a good deal of property, it will break him up, sir."

"But, stop!" cried the terrified applicant for legal advice; "it's me that built the dam, and it's neighbor Jones that owns the spring, and he's threatening to sue me!"

The keen lawyer hesitated but a moment before he tacked ship and went on: "Ah! Well, sir, you say you built a dam across that creek. What sort of a dam was it, sir?"

ir?"
"It was a mill-dam."
"A mill-dam for grinding grain, was it?"
"Yee, it was just that."
"And it's a good neighborhood for a mill,

cently as possible.

"I don't mean to let you," said the door tor. "I'm in love with you. If mortal love has any power, I'm going to oall you my wife. Confound the money! I'll give you all you want. Of course you don't care for me; but I'll make you. Do you want will be will, her the black dress. And as she said in the parlor afterwards, swaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering when the black dress. And as she said in the parlor afterwards, swaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering when the black dress. And as she said in the parlor afterwards, swaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering when the past; and the monotonous rendering the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering of the saids and aforesaids made no im-

well," cried Dolly, "ladies don't tell their ages; but I am that and a year mer."

"Your uncle is fifty," said the doctor.

"You'll probably be sixty-seven when he takes his departure."

"My goodness." cried Dolly; "how terrible that time?" asked Dr. Rush.

"You don't really mean to live single all that time?" asked Dr. Rush.

"O course I do," said Dolly, as innocently as possible.

"I don't mean to let you," said the doctor. "Tim in love with you. If mortal love has any power, I'm going to call you you all you were.

"We'll be able to do so much more," said the yearly in the will has been read."

"Outle probably be sixty-seven when he takes his departure."

"My goodness." cried Dolly; "how terrible will have been very fond of. "I chose," she went to the funeral, Georgina send-when he had been very fond of. "I chose," she went to the funeral, Georgina send-when he had been disciplined in the rough ways of life, and had profited thereby.

She went to the funeral, Georgina send-when the parlor afterwards, swaiting the residing of the will, her thoughts wandered hack provided the parlor afterwards, swaiting the residing of the will, her thoughts wandered hack provided the parlor afterwards, awaiting the residing of the will, her thoughts wandered hack provided the parlor afterwards, awaiting the residing of the will, her thoughts wandered hack provided the parlor afterwards, awaiting the residing of the will, her thoughts wandered hack provided the parlor afterwards, awaiting the residing of the will, her thoughts wandered hack provided the parlor afterwards, awaiting the residing of the will, her thoughts wandered hack provided the parlor afterwards, awaiting the residing to the parlor afterwards and the parlor and the parlor and the parlor and

"Yes, sir, all but Jones."

"Yes, sir, all but Jones."

"Then it's a great public convenience, is in not?"

"Then it's a great public convenience, is in not?"

"To be sure it is. I would not have built it but for that. It's so far to any other mill, sir."

"An now," said the old lawyer, "you are itel that that man Jones is complaining just because the water from your dam happens to back up into his little spring, and he is threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him one, and he'll rue the day he ever thought of it, as sure as my name is threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to say is, let him one, and he'll rue the day he ever thought of it, as sure as my name is threatening to sue you. Well, so he did. She took a great many, and at last, one day, Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger, and to kiss her hand.

"Yes, sir, all but Jones."

"Yes, sir, all but Jones."

"The she saids and aforesaids made no impression upon her, until her own name raught her ear. Then she looked up, different and ficorgina were both staring hard at her.

"Oh, mercy! no," said bolly. "You are "to the hat he do covered her face with her handkerchief, and was crying. "So georgina and her is threatening to sue you. Well, all I have to want the we've been shawe all those years for nothing," she said. "You have not heard?"

"What Georgina said was true. Eccentric to the last, Uncle Gillet had left all his for tours to the nisce who had married, because, as he stated, she had proved to him that there was such a third. The norm name raught her ear. Then she looked up, it is a might persent upon her, until her own name raught her ear. Then she looked up, it is a bad sign whenever children have to wander from the tour. "What is it?" she asked timidly. "I did not hear."

Millicent had covered her face with her handkerchief, and was crying. "It excellent heigh like here as a pony.

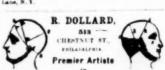
"It means that we've been shawe all these years for nothing," she said. "You have not hear?"

What Georgina said was true. Eccentric to









### HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTI-

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPERS.
Instructions to enable leading and Gentlemen to
measure their own heads with accuracy.

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No. 1—The round of the
No. 1—The round of the
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over the top.
No. 2—Prom ear to ear
over the top.
No. 3—Over the crown of
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round the furchmed.

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and as cheep as any setablishment in the Union.
Letters from any part of the world will receive athertion.

Private rooms for Dreing Ladies and Gestlemen's

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's

In marching for novelties, since our last article, we are quite surprised at the uni-formity that governs the importations and styles of te-day. Novelties are few and far between, and many of the designs put out earlier in the season by modistes have been rejected by leaders of fashion; so that the accentricities designed to lead have met with a sudden death-blow.

IN HATE

we find an introduction of the crownless hat, and, while we meetion it, we have no idea fine an instant that they are to be adopted by women of sense or taste. Perhaps a few of our fashionables, who have become accustomed to them abroad, may don them for a little while; but to say that we stay-at-homes are to go about with our hair poked out through the tops of our bonness, is preposterous indeed.

A DESCRIPTION

A DESCRIPTION

of them will perhaps interest the many, and
we will say, they are rings of chip or lace,
sufficiently large to fit on the top of the
head; these are sometimes plainly bound;
again they have Chinese silk or lace about
them, or scarfs of two colors, and mounted
with flowers. These arch across the top,
like the climbing rose over the open trellis;
and thus they become a hat, void of streamers, drouping vines, loops, cape, or anything
like the hat of old.

IN MACQUING

TS sacqu's, we find many are determined to maintain them against mantilias, and see many in cashmers and drap de ets, literally covered with jets. Many purchase the sacques nearly made, and trimmed with lace; then purchasing beads, dot the sacque closely all over with loops of the beads, say six leads on a thread in a place. The face is quite as easily beaded; and the sacque that would cost in a fashionable store \$28 or \$30 can be gotten up in this way for \$15 or \$18.

We recently reveled in a choice importa-We recently reveled in a choice importa-tion of fans, and found everything one could wish. The medium-sized fan is more sought after than the immensely large ones of last season; and those in black silk, deli-cately painted in colors, are thought to be the choicest fan of the season; and the nicety and ravity of those fans is, they are painted and monogramed to order. THE HAIR.

are much sought after, and the Marie Antoinette are as ever special favorites. Many of them are in point lace, some in black, and some white, and others in a mixture of ribbon, tulke, and lace. Doubtless, all know the shape, round at the back, and ending in short points in front. Is crosses on the breast, and the ends are confined in the belt or are fastened by tiny bouquets.

for boys are offered in a variety of shapes the Prince Napoleson is entirely new; it is a drem hat of silk, either light or black, and more the shape of the silk dress hat worn by gentlemen than anything ever be-fore offered for boys. To say we really ad-mire those hats would be untrue, for to our mind they are too old-looking; still the juveniles lancy them, for they are the next thing to those worn by their paternals. The gipsy is the favorite sun hat for both large and small of the fairer sex, and they

large as small of the fairer sex, and they are tilted over the face, confined at the nts, or black velvet and wild grasss Normandy, of which other mention een made, still proves the dress hat of

DRESS GOODS

have taken a lofty tumble, as they usually do at this season, and muslins, debeges, lawns, and grenadines are offered at tempt-

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

MADAME F-TE. As usual, many greandines are made up with some pretty color
for evening; for the street, this is always
questionable taste. But a black greenadine
with a loose blue or lemon-colored vest, and
the ruffles, puffs, and flounces piped and
bound with the color, and the sash lined
the same, makes one of the prettiest evening
dresses possible to get up for summer.

HATTIE LANG. Get a black lace sleeveless sucque. Some line with their fall silk,
but they are more useful to wear with recything to be left unlined.

Total Mortuss. Make your infant a

but they are more useful to wear thing to be left unlined.
YOUNG MOTHER. Make your infant a suit of pique, or the under Ciabrielle of cambrie, with a tucked yoke, and tucks and needlework at the bottom; and then a coat and cape of pique braided, with medallions of needlework inserted.

MATE SERVING. Braids and curls are both worn. A stem braid custs \$7; curls from \$5 to \$5—depending altogether upon style and quality.

ALICE ETHEL.

### A TALE OF CROQUET.

BY A. J. PAYLOR.

I played it over, I swarmey hasee A rever from a smaller, the showed me what I had to do showed me what I had to do show with the I remail it! That I seems from the with the means hold. I'd almost dud "mach notive", "Per pleasures of a day like this Gib times are gride to descrive,

I played again, and yet again, Until I grow to chilful That I could heat my conclear;—than the suchenity grow willful— Posted and onlind, would not be best— I croqueted her unfairit; (be tree I did, and stamped her feet;— (be, how I sujoyad it enray!

At last the gene was quite played out; the bit the—wheat d'ye and it?—!
man the sich, and wo sens dens,
And I had down my malist,
And there, upon the samenth-moves grant,
I make a struke, a held one,—
Ariel bet through one source house in pass,
That houp to be a guid one!

And she remainted, heeped we were To rose through life together; And croquet on, as partners dear. Through fine or storms weather. We've had one upon and few as, of owerea-Missed through less wired, and builted; But then though relief might be werea-we simply strice to keep our course. Dorsee-manifest-whorelief.

### HOW HE LOST HER.

SY CHARLES PLETCHER

I knew Margaret was engaged, but I told her that I loved her.

"I don't know what you mean, sir" she exclaimed, with an expressive lift of the jetty eyebrows; but the liquid orbs beneath avoided mine, and that encouraged me to be

avoided mine, and that encouraged me to be saucy in my turn.

"It is of no consequence that you should, of course; but you didn't imagine that you were going to flirt all the summer with a fellow of my stamp, and get off unsinged yourself?"

"Why not?" she laughed. "You don't seem seriously damaged."

"But I am. My heart is shrivelled crisp

"But I am. My heart is shrivelled crisp as a wafer."
"Really? Well, I don't know what can be done about it."
"I am going to show you." And so on, for half an hour. We spoke jestingly, both of us, but the laugh with each covered deeper feeling.
Blue was besutiful, my Margaret; fond of

could wish. The medium-aised fan is more sought after than the immensely large ones of last season; and those in black silk, delicately painted in colors, are thought to the choicest fan of the season; and the nicety and rarity of these fan is, they are painted and monogramed to order.

THE HAIR.

As a matter of necessity, if crownless hats are worn, the hair soust be worn high; and with the warm weather we see the disposition to coil the hair or arrange it in lossely waved, with a bow of blue or rose ribbon on the left side, and another to match just back of the top puffs.

Brunctes wear either scarlet ribbons or flowers, and the scarlet verbena, both on the head, and a bouquet for the corsage, are specially recommended.

FICHUS

are much sought after, and the Marie Antoineste are as ever special favorites. Many of them are in point lace, some in black, and sone white, and others in a mixture of strolled along the beach.

Permit me to congratulate you. Miss

tone."

Margaret laughed rather confusedly as he put her little hand in mine. I saw that he was surprised at my eagerness.

"Miss Stone" said I, "did you believe he when I said that I loved you, somewhere

me when I said that I loved you, somewhere about a mouth ago?"
Margaret colored vividly, as she gave me a doubting look.
"Yest What of it? Do you want to take it back now?" she laughed.
"Not I. But, in consideration of my great affection for you, I want you to do a favor for me,"
"Name it," she said, looking puzzled.
"I am going up to New York to-morrow. Will you humor me by permitting me to be the besser of a letter from yourself to Mr. Bentley?"
"This is an old request."
"I am sware of it. Will you write to Mr. Bentley a letter, asking him to inquire into this matter of the bank failure, and let you know how serious a business it relet you know how serious a business it re

But I don't care about knowing."

"I do."
"Why not inquire yourself, then?"
"He has so much better facilities for inrestigation. The truth is, Miss Stone, I
am very much interested in this failure, and
M. Bentley can find out all about it for
me. But I don't like to sak him to do so
whether comparating exposure.

a letter for Margaret; but he looked any-where but at me as I took it.

I caught a glimpee of Margaret's blue dress on the pianan as we drove up to the hotel; and without waiting to go to my room first, I hastened to her, and gave her the letter.

hotel; and without waiting to my room first, I hastened to har, and gave her the isstee.

Then, much as I would have liked to stay until she had read it, I had no excesse for doing so, and therefore left her. I waited with nomething more than curiosity for her appearance at dinner-time, but she did not come at all. I ate nothing myself, and spent the evening pacing the planm with my cigar, and watching her window. Not so mach as a shadow of what I watched for croused my vision.

Remembering Bentley's face as he gave me the letter, I could imagine their he might have written something unplement; but even I was not prepared for the enstents of the missive Margaret placed in my hands the following morning, coming suddenly upon me where I lounged on the shore.

"I suppose that was what you went to town for!" she said, with an angry scorn, under which I qualted, for I falt guilty; and, as I read, I winced again.

Thescoundred! A more disgraceful epistle I never purused. If Margaret had loved him over so dearly, this would certainly have ended it. He dissolved the engagement without so much as saying "by your leave." He did, indeed, say something about hastening to speak while there was yet an uncertainty as to how seriously the failure had involved other people. But that was the merest gloss, and only gave Margaret the clue to the selfish reasons for this extraordinary conduct.

I folded the letter, and gave it back to her without remark.

"Well," she asked, "really you have nothing to say?"

"Shall I challenge him to mortal combat with horesewhim "I involved

nothing to say?"
"Shall I challenge him to mortal combat with horsewhips?" I inquired.
Tears of anger sparkled in Margaret's

autiful eyes.

"How could you humiliate me so?"

"I? Miss Stone?"

"How could you humiliate me so?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gurney," she said, haughtily.

"And I beg yours, Miss Stone, for medding. I suspected Mr. Bentley, but not of anything quite so cold-blooded. Bhall you break your heart about such a selfish fellow?"

"Indeed, no! But I am very angry."

"At whom?—him or me?"

"At both of you."

I suppose I must have looked terribly abashed and confounded—I tried to, for she put a little hand on my arm, and then would have swiftly withdrawn it, but I captured the frail thing, and held it.

"I suppose I ought to be very thankful to yes," she said, struggling a little, and blushing in the most lovely manner.

"If you will permit me, I will punish him for you," I said, gravely.

She looked up inquiringly.

"By marrying you!"

"Dou't you think it would?"

"Don't you think it would?"
"Perhaps."
"We were quite sure of it the first time we

chanced to meet Bentley after our marriage. His face was as good as a picture.

### GERMAN STUDENTS.

A handsome couple, but somehow, seeing the found of each other; and so I took courage. End of each other; and so I took courage. End of them are in point lace, some in black, and some white, and others in a mixture of ribbon, tulks, and lace. Doubtless, all all new the shape, round sit the back, and ending in short points in front. It crosses on the breast, and the ends are confined in the beit or are fastened by tiny bouquets.

CHILDREE'S SUTE

were never offered in greater variety than the present season, and so reasonable, too. Those in gray linen, for tiny youths not yet in pant, are made with a slightly killed skirt, and the waist either a short blouse, beltisd, or a real satior waist, with breast collage, either of the linen itself or white linen, with a buttonhold edge. Large suits are made with a buttonhold edge, Large suits are made with blouse pants and waist, the pants reaching just below the knew and five. Girle' smits are made by objecting serious to the baby suits for boys of three and five. Girle' smits are made in Gabrieller, and gover dairty with basque waists, sufficiently light to define the form, still breadth enough to the baby suits for boys of three and five. The basque part is usually in pointed tale, both lack and front, and sometical both. A contract of the comme rounded to form talks upon the hips.

Linen is a koverte material for children, and now that they are braided by machine, the expenses of a lovely ready-made suit is but a trifle more than if manufactured at home.

HATS

A GERMAN STUDENTS.

A GERMAN STUDENTS.

A German student is as devoted to hick as may as we way to strolled along the save he had looked at may a test summary a time that summer, as we two strolled along the beach.

The lack and the test summary at ment as a sum, a save the hand on, and upon that in a did not reliage to the comment of the barby and the proposed the save and the prop

superiors. The time is usually spent in singing, but a favorite pastime is "the beer duel."

During the evening, two persons have had a quarrel, in the progress of which one has called the other a beerjunger. This is an insult which cannot be forgiven, and the insulting party is immediately challenged. A judge is appointed, who fills two large tumblers with beer, and gives one to each contestant. The glasses are drained at the given signal to the bottom; and he who has breath enough to cry Beerjunger? is proclaimed victor, anid the shoats of the company. He has now the right to dictate to his rival anything he chooses, and the vanquished party must obey at peril of expulsion from the club. These societies are extremely popular, and nearly all the students participate in them.

The fighting men—about one-third of the students—are divided into five corps, distinguished by the color of their caps.—Duels are restrained to these corps; and the occasions for wounded honor to vindicate itself are so numerous, that it is necessary to devote two afternoons a week to this barbarous custom. The Government of the University is silent about these little affairs of honor, and so is considered as sanctioning them. The duels are fought in a beer-house just across the Neckar. The swords are short, and very sharp at the extreme point. The ungreon of such corps is present to stop any unnecessary flow of blood. The combatants, stripped to their waiss, their arms bandaged at the elbows, that they may inflict no deadly wounds, strike right and left, up and down, with he face of his antagmist, the head is the principal point of attack; and, at the end of one of these fights, the floor of the room looks like that of a successful barber's shop. Vengrance is not appeased by the first blood that is drawn, but they often contend until one or the other is exhausted. It is nething uncommon to see a noble, manly fellow, with his face so disfigured with ugly and ghastly wounds, as to remder him a most repulsive sight. HATTIX LANG. (set a black lace eleventeem sequence. Some line with their fall sik, but they are more useful to wear with recrystings to be left unlined.

Mis. Bentley can find out all about it for much for a comparative stranger.

Margaret looked doubtful still, but she wrote the letter, and I took it to the city the next day.

Moreura. Make your infant a suit of pique, or the under Gabrielle of cambrie, with a tacket yoke, and tacks and needlework at the bottom; and then a cout and cape of pique braided, with medallions of meddework inserted.

May Survey.

May Survey.

Mis. Bentley can find out all about it for much for a comparative stranger.

Margaret looked doubtful still, but she wrote the letter, and I took it to the city the next day.

Ross Bentley gave slightly pale as he read.

"I suppose you know that the bulk of line Bentley gave slightly pale as he read.

"I suppose you know that the bulk of line Bentley said, at the end of one of these fights, and dide Ages, when "might of the recombination of meddework inserted.

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"I was not aware of it," Bentley said, being another shade of color.

"I was not aware of it," Bentley said, being another shade of color.

"Oh, well, it was. Can anything be saved out of the crash, do you suppose?"

"Not anything, I am very surve," he standard, and the largest with suite of said when received with suite of said and need limited to their waists, their arms bandaged at the elhows, that they she duellist, up and down, with record he duellist, and need the looks it to the city the record of one of the fave finite heads in the troublemone of the said and carb and the read.

"I was not

### THE MODES POWER.

A Legend of the Rhine.

BY CHIMPER LINCOLN.

Of the many fair sights which constantly greet the eye of the traveler on the Rhine, between Cologne and Mayence, none pre-ent a more picturesque and beautiful scene than the charming village of Bingen and its emilents.

sent a more picturesque and beautiful scene than the charming village of Bingen and its environs.

Above, like a silver thread, the river flows between vine-covered banks, in quiet security; but below, and near its confluence with the Nabe, it dashes fearningly against the rocky shore of a small island, on which stands the Mamethurm, or Mouse-Tower.

History, poetry, and tradition have united in surrounding this islet with romantic interest, and the origin of the name of the tower, built thereon many centuries ago, presents a legend of horror which absorbe attention.

In one of the years in the early part of the thirtseenth century rain fell continuously for many days; the sun failed to send his genial warmth to rouse into life the dormant vegatation; the expectant crops were ruined; so that when harvest time came there was nothing to garner, and a great famine agread throughout the land.

Hatto, Archbishop of Mayence, a man of great learning, but ambitious, cunning, and unscrupulous, whose God was Mammon, and who, vain and haughty, loved not the poor of his flock, had stored up the rich tithes of grain from preceding harvests, and amidst the almost universal misery, fared sumptuously every day.

His good living and plenty excited the

At last Bishop Hatte appointed a day To quiet the poor without delay; He tade them to his great barn repair, And they should have food for the winter

Rejoiced at such tidings, good to bear, The poor folk fock'd from far and near; The great barn was full as it could hold Of women and children, and young and old. Then, when he saw it could hold no more, Bishop Hatto, he made fact the door; And, while for mercy on Christ they call, its set fire to the harn, and burned them all? "I faith, 'tis an excellent boufire!" quoth he;
"And the country is greatly obliged to me
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rate that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he, And he sat down to suppor merrily; And he slept that night like an inner But Bishop Hatto never slept again!

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm; if e had a countenance white with alarm: "My lord, I open'd your graneries this morn, And the rate have eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently, And he was pale as pale could be

" I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he "The the misst place in Germany; The walls are high and the shores are steep, And the stream is strong and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away, And he crossed the Rhins without delay, And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there He haid him flown, and closed his syss; But soon a scream made him arise: He started, and saw two eyes of flame On his pillow, from whence the screaming came. He listen'd and look'd: it was only the ont; But the bushop, he grew more faarful for that, For she sat acreaming, mad with fear At the army of rate that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river to deep, And they have climb'd the shorus on steep; And now by thousands up they craw! To the holes and windows in the wall, Bewn on his kness the bishop fell, And faster and faster his beady did he tell, As header and louder, drawing near, The new of their teeth without he could hear;

And in at the windows, and in at the door, And through the walls, by theomands they pour, And some through the ceiling and up through the floor; From the right and the left, from behind and be-fore; From within and without, from above and below; And all at once to the bishop they go. They have whatted their teeth against the stones, And new they pick the bishop's bones; They graw'd the fisch from every limb. For they were sent to do judgment on him.



digr 11 is the intention to make this Department on attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for discouriers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily topics, fully discoused in answer to the numerous Economy Contributors of the Economy Contributors of the

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ALCE, (Annepolis, Md.) A good curing fulf is made by melling a list of white beewar, shout the size of a filbert kernel, and one cuese of olive oil, and to this adding one or two drops of ofte of roses.

Hansy F., (Blustre.) "Pisses give me a recopy for a good bise ink." Try the following: Chinnee bise, three ounces; onalis acid, three quarters of an ounce; gum arable, powdered, one ounce; distilled water, siz piece. Mix.

Out Superson. water, six place. Mix.

OLD SUMMANIAN. (Providence.) The color of hair means to depend on the presence of a peculiar oil, which is of a sepia trut for dark hair, blood-red in rad hair, and yellowest in fair hair. This oil may be attracted by alcohol or other, and the hair is then helt of a grayish yellow titch.

Easts. The dar.

your acting is opposition to their wishes may occasion may be pallisted and ascothed by your considerate conduct.

H. A. F., (Jacksonville.) If a gentleman and lady exchange progratis, it certainly may be regarded as a significant incident, and as meaning something; but if no positive engagement had been entered into, no proposal made, and no question of marriage even broached, there could be no action brought for breach of promise on the mere exchange of likenesses. We may observe that it is not repition very facility of promise on the mere exchange of likenesses. We may observe that it is not repition very facility of great indiscretion and imprudence. But only to give her portrait to a gentleman when engaged to him, and use indiscriminately to any one who asks her fer here in exchange for his, as is too often done, we are sorry to say, to our own knowledge.

Aussacus, (deorgia.) "I have both seen and heard it stated that the three books, "Mat Will He Do With it?" by Bulwer; 'Vanity Fair,' by Thackeray, and 'Our Muttan Friend', by Dickson, were written in the short space of fitteen days. The statement was that a London Chib offered a prise for the best soved, to be written in the ineight of time, and those three days in the statement was that a London Chib offered a prise for the best soved, to be written in the ineight of time, and these three dusts matched, I apply to you, and will be obliged to you for any information you can furnish, as will also one of my lady friends." We never heard of such a story, and judging from both the calibre of the works mentioned, as also that of their authors, we have no heatiation in giving our opinion that there is no truth whatever in the report. Nothing but the most overwhelming proof would over make us believe such a very improduble taile.

Heosessa Gina, (Silvania, Indiana) of Silvania the theory of the third would be only the other was

over meriming proof would over make its believe such a very improbable tale.

Heomiss Gini, (Silvania, Indiana.) Spiritualism originated, it is said, in this country about the year 1848, rapidly developing itself here, and extending to salest parts of the world, particularly in England and France. It may be said to have had its precursor in Andrew Jackson Davis, known in America as "The Sear of Poughkeepsis," who was been in 1888. In the opinion of many, there is an instituate connection tetween Spiritualism and Animal Magnetism and Clairvoyance, but our want of space does not permit us to go any 'urther into this subject. 3d. Your other questions are of too personal a mature altergisher to be replied; to in these columns. You must arely be aware that it would never do for us to give you the information with you seek, even supposing we were sufficiently in the confidence of the persons named by you to be able to give it, which as it happens we are not.

CALHONSIA, (Healdsburg.) The Seath Seath.

named by you to be able to give it, which as it happens we are not.

California, (Healdsburg.) The Scotts Sea Subble
was a scheme organised by the Said of Oxford,
if 17th, with a view of previding for the extinction of
17th, with a view of previding for the extinction of
17th States and the season of the Said oxford
17th and the season of the season of
17th a number of succession, to whom the government
guaranteed interest at 5 per cent. for a cartain period,
which was to be obtained by rendering permanent a
number of import duties. The monopoly of the trade
to the South Seas was also secred to these merchants, who were accordingly incorporated as "The
bouth Sea Company." The story of this gignatic
gambling scheme, for so it turned out, and the dinantrous consequences which it entailed on the whole
nation, is unfortunately too long for us to give you
here in detail, and it is impossible for us to abbreviate it without beasening the interest of the narrative. You will find an account of it in any Encyclopedia.

J. H. II., (Groveland.) The subject on which you

tive. You will find an account of it in any Encyclopments.

J. H. H. (Growsland.) The subject on which you have consulted us in a delicate one, and we fully comprehend the difficulties under which you are laboring. One of the most difficult and delicate points for the consideration of any ledy is you that of her conduct towards the gentleman to whom she is suggest to be married, and it requires her to get with judgment and great discretion. Any excess of arder, or excess of knotsees, or under familiarity, should be firmly, yet kindly, represend, an nothing is more likely to produce a diminution of respect than such conduct on the part of the gwittenam. What is hardly wen and preserved only by respectful care, is always most highly valued; and an easy conquest is never much prized by the victor. Remember that those who respect themselves will slavys command the respect of others; and the safeguard and impregnable halves? Which no during on overcome had so strangem surprise is softrappect.

Winew. We do not think that it is at all incom-

and no strategem curprise is self-raspect.

Winow. We do not think that it is at all incombent on you to make over to the creditors the property which your husband, when he was clear of delt, settled upon you for the maintenance of your-self and children. Had he settled this property on you when he was in cointrassed circumstances, and when he knew that hankraphey was inevitable, then of course, the settlement would have been fraudation, dishonest, and wicked. But, seeing that it was settled my me when he was in prespection circumstances, also residence in the second of the property than it is not not been to consider the property than it is he had seld or transferred it for a neighbory man the hist own with. It is that delty devery man the hist own with. It is the delty development to see the property, which shall not to sellented by either his healt-rapidly or his chairs. Such a previous machine to consider on the that. Such a previous machine the considers or his thats. Such a previous machine to consider on the thats. Such a previous machine to consider or the most corrupalically honest.

B. C. Thampata. (Thunch, "In animor to a correct

vertising to cell considerabit memory are punishable by haw. How, these advertising dealers by some means learn the mans of Mr. A., and propose, through the meal, to call that occurrently stempy. Mr. A., while go to add to his overfully possestions, at once seeds an order with the required amount of generics money to pay for it. In reterm he receives a box of any-dead, or perhaps melting at all. How, in Mr. A. punishable for what he has deem, ewing that he has never posses, the proposed of the mean of the means of the second of which he failed, owing to the advertiser having been money he has been punished enough, and we hope has been on been punished enough, and we hope has been punished enough, and we hope has been punished enough, and we hope has been de lames within should teach him window for the feture.

for the future. "One you tell no the name of some horte containing small acts and plays for the otage; There are there of my friends and myself who desire to get up evening entertainments for public performance, and we wish to get a book that coordina pieces intended for there, four or five characters. If you

Asks Bares. "They were the resemble problem containing small acts and plays for the oting of There are three of my friends and myself who design to get up ovening exteriorisments for public performance, and we wish to get a book that constants places intended her three, here or five characters. If you can himly reason the publishers and the books, you revoid obligs as canceasingly." The only beek that we were cause acressed of the hind you want to an Buginh publication, called "The Ameteur's Handbook," which gives much valuable information on fitting up private theoremyles. It also gives a his of pieces for representation, with from the to alx shareters, and you contemplate. It also gives a his of pieces for representation, with from the to alx shareters. It is published by Thomas Halion Lary, 30 strand, London; price one chilling; and we doubt not you conside get it by redding the title and published to the contemplate of the con

and who, vain and hanghty, loved not the poor of his five, has stored up the rich poor of his five, has stored up the rich poor of his five, has stored up the rich poor of his five, has stored up the rich poor of his five, has stored up the rich poor of his five, has stored misery, fared and the poor of the poor water of poor his barria and give them of his abundant stores. The desired his poor of the Archipiccopal palace, mourning and weiging, praying flatto to open his barria and give them of his abundant stores. The desired his poor of the poor water of part of the poor of a pala color, and they should be conducted into a major that they should be conducted i

AP A number of communications have been re-sived, which will be answered next week

### The Saturday Evening Post, The Oldest and Best Story Paper

Published. FOUNDED AUGUST 4, A. D. 1821.

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